





















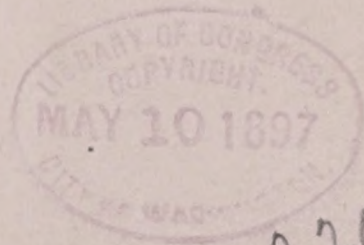




# JOSH CANZY'S EXPERIENCE

What He Saw, and What Use He  
Made Of It.

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BY  
WILLIAM A. MORRISON.



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# JOSH CANZY'S EXPERIENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

### HIS HOME LIFE AND DEPARTURE FOR BOSTON.

JOSH CANZY, the hero of our story, was born in a small hamlet near the Canadian line, in the town of Holland. It is not laid down on the maps, but was usually known as the "Corners." His early life was filled with the experiences incident to a rugged boy, who was ever on the alert to see every point of advantage in connection with either play or work. He, being the first-born, was necessarily with his father, as he became stronger and more able to assist in the management of the farm. His parents being poor, his opportunities for education were very limited in that sparsely settled region. But he learned to read when quite young, and was encouraged by his parents to read all the good books at his command. As he grew older it was necessary for him to do more to assist his father, as the growing family demanded the efforts of all that could help.



Brothers and sisters were coming up to fill his place, so he felt he must be preparing the course of his future life. The more he thought and read of city life and business, the more he thought and felt that his opportunity was to be in that direction. When he became of age his ambitious spirit prompted him to make an effort to get the means together to go to a large city in quest of practical business information, which would lead to prosperity. He had been blessed with parents with correct moral and religious principles, who had sought to give their children proper training that would lead to an honest and respected course of life. They did all that it was possible for them to do with their humble surroundings, and were satisfied that their son was determined to succeed. Fortunately, in furtherance of their plans, a Mr. Joseph Tenny, who was a schoolboy with Mr. Canzy at Newport, was visiting his childhood home, and was about to return to Boston. He met his old friend at the station, and in the course of the conversation Mr. Canzy expressed a desire to have Josh go to Boston and see if he could get into some business. Mr. Tenny remarked that



he had met Josh several times when visiting Newport, and noticed what a bright and wide-awake fellow he was, and had heard much of him and the good reputation he bore, and that he should be much pleased to take him with him on his return, and would use his influence in getting him a suitable situation.

Accordingly, plans were made to meet him at the station on the following Tuesday. They were all glad to make so favorable an arrangement. At the appointed time his father and he took an early start, for it was about fifteen miles from their home to the station, and the road was none to good. Josh's mother had carefully prepared his wardrobe, and packed it carefully away in his trunk, and they were ready to start. It was with deep heart pangs that he bid his dear mother, brothers, and sisters good-by. The two younger were not old enough to realize that Josh was going away for a long time, possibly that they might not all meet again, but he had a stout spirit, and appeared as cheerful as possible. He gave them all a parting kiss, the dear mother a long embrace, for her first-born was especially dear to her. She gave him a



parting blessing as he stepped into the wagon, they immediately started, and were soon lost to view amid the trees of the winding roadside. The morning was beautiful in early August, and the drive was very pleasant. It was hardly necessary that his father should give him advice at this time. His whole life had been a gradual schooling in good advice and discipline. He had always held the profoundest respect for his father's advice and counsel. Their journey to the cars was made as pleasant and as cheerful as possible.

They arrived at the station in ample time. Mr. Tenny soon appeared, and saluted them with a cordial greeting, and after making arrangements about tickets and baggage, they were ready to start as soon as the train arrived. It was with deep sorrow that Josh pressed his father's hand for the last time. They did not know how long it might be, but each hoped to meet the other in joy another year. They parted with the father's many blessings, assured in the love of a dutiful boy. The train had just then arrived, and Mr. Tenny and Josh took their seats, and the train started.



## CHAPTER II.

### HIS JOURNEY, ARRIVAL, A NEW FRIEND, AND HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY.

FOR a short time Josh was absorbed in his own thoughts, but the kindness of his companion, and the intelligence with which he managed to interest him in conversation gradually succeeded in drawing him away from himself, and in the novelty of the situation (as this was the first time he had ever traveled on the cars any distance) he began to realize that he was fast leaving the place where he was born, and had grown up to manhood. He was much interested in the scenery, at first monotonous and level, but a very good farming region. The meadows were nearly ready for the mowing machine, the crop of grass looked fine and promised abundance, oats and other grains looked very favorable.

They were now approaching Central Vermont. The Green Mountains, with Mount



Mansfield towering above the rest, were fast coming into view. Their varied grandeur made a deep impression on his mind, as he had never seen anything of the kind before, for the surroundings of his home were very level except in the vicinity of the lake at Newport. They rapidly sped away towards the Connecticut, and passing St. Johnsbury, noted for its Fairbanks scale industry, the principal business of the town, they crossed the Connecticut about twenty-five miles below St. Johnsbury into New Hampshire. Journeying southward and passing Concord and Plymouth, with Mount Washington in prominent view, they soon reached the southern end of Lake Winnepesaukee, the most charming sheet of water in New England, interspersed with its beautiful islands. They skirted its delightful shores for several miles, the sinking sun casting its golden glimmer upon its glassy surface with its wonderful effect, then struck the Merrimac some miles above Manchester and followed its course of dams, and waterfalls, and rapids, its bordering cities, towns, and villages, which contain more spindles revolved by its rushing waters than by any other stream within the same distance upon



the globe. They pass Nashua and Lowell, the latter and largest city devoted to the manufacture of textile goods in the United States. Not much of the city is visible from the train. The river turns from Lowell towards the sea. If they could tarry at the latter city and see the dams and rapids, Hunt's Falls below the city, the system of canals to supply water to the mills, the wonderful productions of the mills, and its machinery, two thirds of which is propelled with steam power, the picturesque ravine through which the rapids pass, studded with forest trees, near the junction of the Concord River, affording a grand scene, it would be delightful, but they hastened on and reached the "Hub" about 9.30 P. M.

The streets were brilliantly lighted with electric lights, which were all new to Josh. He reached his boarding house at the West End by the aid of his friend, who made arrangements for him to make his home there for the present, after having agreed to meet him in the morning. Josh thanked him for his great kindness and bade him a cordial good night. He was happy in the thought that he had found so good and



kind a friend to give him so favorable a start in a strange city, and he looked forward with hope and high resolve that he might have a successful business career, and happy life. After partaking of a light supper, he was glad to seek his bed. On the morrow he was up betimes, feeling well and bouyant in spirits, and having been in the cars all the day before, he felt like taking a short walk before breakfast; not that he required any exercise to give him an appetite, for fortunately he had been favored with a very good one. His boarding place was located on Temple Street. From there he went up the hill, and about the first building that met his eye was the new State House extension, which he had read something about in the weekly papers that he had access to at times at home; and when the dome of the "Bulfinch Front" stood out so plainly, and the common came in view, he knew something about it and the locality, but as the breakfast hour was near at hand, he hastened back.

Mr. Tenny came in soon after he arose from the table and introduced him to a young man as Ephraim Sawyer, whom he could commend as



good company, and who would show him about the city, and with him visit the most prominent points of interest.

They took an electric car run by the Great Rapid Transit Company. As they were riding along from the city towards the beautiful suburbs, Eph spoke up and said, "How do you like the appearance of all these things?"

"Well, I declare if this ere don't beat all," said Josh. They were now approaching the new subway at the foot of the common, near Park Square. "I'd just like to know," says Josh, "what in earth thar trying to do with them ar great awkard-looking things thar burroughing in the ground and rooting out that powerful lot of dirt and stones and carrin' it off and filling up them mighty purty hollows and kivering up all that green, and hacking off all them big limbs away from them fine old elms and other trees. What in creation does it all mean, Eph?"

"Why, Josh, that is the Public Garden and the Boston Common, and they are building the new subway."

"You don't say that is Boston Common," re-



plied Josh. "I've heerd all about that ever since I can remember, reading all about it in the *Youth's Companion* when I was a child, and saw a little of it this morning, and they be spilin' it, covering it all up with dirt and stones an' digging this big hole out where all those grand trees are and am killing them, an' spilin' all them fine walks. I declare, Eph, it is too bad."

"I know, Josh, it does seem too bad, but they say they will make the common look more beautiful than ever, and set out new trees, and then!"

"I know, Eph, but the new trees ain't the hundred-year-old ones."

"True, Josh, but they will run the electric cars under the ground in this hole, and cover it all up with stone, brick, and steel arches, and make a street on top, and perhaps the great electric company will have tracks there, too. They will have to take the tracks from the streets, and that may be an excuse for it. What right have them great electric company to do that, Eph?"

"Oh, they are 'powerful, Josh! They do about as they please. They do not pay for the use of the streets (unlike any other cities in this



country, who all pay a tax for the use of the streets), but for they are private corporations and generally derive a revenue from such a use, and why should not the Great Rapid Transit, you might ask as well. Of course they should. But if they want anything more than they have, they petition to the city and State authorities, and if they do not get it in that way, they have plenty of the needful to get it in some other way that may be necessary for their purpose. Perhaps an appeal to the great and general court might help them in some cases, but that does not always work to their satisfaction, however eloquently it may have been presented."

"You don't say," interrupted Josh. "Is that the way the thing is done? Wall! Wall! If that don't beat all. Why don't the dear people rise up in rebellion, as they did in the times of James Otis, John Hancock, and General Warren, and that host of wild fellows, that made the party that thro'd the tea into Boston Harbor and made a tea-pot of it? I should think the old Cradle of Liberty would rock until the rotten tower would come down with a crash, bell and all, and the very stones in State Street would



start up like daggers on the spot where the first blood was shed in behalf of liberty in America; and the lanterns on old Christ Church tower would blaze out as of old, not with dim and feeble light, but with bright electric blaze every night to warn thousands of Paul Reveres to fly to arms against such bold and wicked usurpations. Even the cold granite shaft of Bunker Hill, which stands like the rocks of the neighboring coasts, resisting against the eastern blasts or westerly gales, would make some outcry. I should think skeletons of the long line of Revolutionary heroes would appear at the high windows of that shaft to warn the people to uphold their just and lawful rights. And should the work of the past generation (a few only now living) of noble men and women who reared that shaft have all their labor lost? If good government is to be invaded and the rights of the great majority are to be trampled upon with impunity by a giant corporation under the guise of a legal monopoly, claimed for the good of the public, of what use, then, are our boasts of free institutions, and the land of liberty?"

"Well, Josh, you have given us a pretty



good and decided statement of the matter for a green country boy. It is getting late, and we must find our way home."

Josh was glad to seek his bed soon after a light supper, for he and his friend had partaken of a "square meal" at noon, which had always been his habit as well as that of friend Eph. Eat a light supper, retire early, then sleep refreshes and invigorates the body. Rise early, eat a hearty breakfast, with sufficient rest before going to labors of the day, a good wholesome dinner, not eaten in a hurry, with a short rest after, even if an express is taken very soon, or light labor engaged in, no tonics are required or stimulates necessary in a healthy body and constitution. Josh and Eph were both good specimens of healthy young men, of good habits, both having been reared in the country, Eph having lived in the city about five years, being two years the elder of Josh.



## CHAPTER III.

### HIS TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, AND HIS RETURN.

WHEN Eph made his appearance the next morning, about 8 A. M., Josh was all ready to start. It being early in September, the weather was delightful for travel and observation. It was decided to take a trip to Cambridge by the way of Harvard Bridge. Their course was, part of the way, the same as the day before. From the Public Garden all was new. In going up Boylston Street, they passed the Natural History Building on the right, also Institute of Technology on the left, Trinity Church (where the noble Christian minister, Phillips Brooks, held the hearts of his people, and when he became bishop, the whole community had learned to love him).

The Art Museum and the New Public Library, all these buildings Josh would liked to have visited, but there was no time for that now. Eph explained to him their different



purposes and uses. At the corner of Columbus Avenue and Berkeley Street is the Youth's Companion Building. The paper will be well remembered by nearly every educated child that has lived in this country for the past seventy years. This was not their route, but Eph said they would go and examine it some other time. As they passed the lower end of the Back Bay Fens, all at once Josh shouted out:—

“Wall, Eph, what's all those spruce and pine trees yonder with the patches of water here and there, it looks like the lakes filled with little islands like as we have at home. I say, Eph, I want to get out and take a tramp through those woods and brushes.”

“So we will, Josh,” said Eph, “right here at Commonwealth Avenue.”

They stepped from the car, taking care not to do so before the car stopped (as the Great Rapid Transit does not pay any damages for injury, if a passenger steps off before the car stopped, *and they always try to prove that point*).

Having started up the avenue, about the first object that struck the eyes of Josh was



the bronze statue of Leif Ericson. "What is that man standing there for, holding his left hand over his eyes and looking forward in the distance?"

Eph told him that it was the great Norse navigator that was said to be the first discoverer of America, about the year 1000, and that he landed at what is now Cambridge, on the Charles River, near the Cambridge Hospital. There is a stone tablet enclosed within an iron fence at that point stating the fact, which has been placed there by the heirs of Professor Hosford at his request.

"Wall, I'd like to see it," said Josh.

"Perhaps you will," said his companion.

They started up the avenue further, and very soon were among the bushes and trees.

"They've got these pesky signs around," says Josh, that says, '*Keep off the grass borders.*' They won't let a fellow roam around and enjoy himself, nor lie down and rest, nor pick off berries and flowers. How came all this here, did it grow itself?"

"This was once all water and salt marshes," said Eph. "It has taken a great deal of time,



money, and wise planning to bring this all about. The water you see was a part of what is called Back Bay, which at this point was very wide. A few of the oldest inhabitants of Boston now living can remember when the tide flowed each side of Washington Street, which was called Boston Neck, which was located at what is now called Dover Street. All the low land you see about here and the surrounding territory has been filled in by dredging from flats of the bay, and covered on top with gravel brought in cars ten or fifteen miles from the country. Three quarters of old Boston has been made in this way, some of the finest buildings of the city have been built on this land. The late ex-Governor Ames's beautiful brown-stone residence stands at the corner of Massachusetts and Commonwealth Avenues, just opposite where we entered the Fens. By the way, Massachusetts Avenue is a continuation of Broad Avenue, from Dorchester to Boston, Cambridge, Arlington, Lexington, Concord (where Paul Revere rode the night before the battles at the latter towns, April 19, 1875), thus on to Lowell, forty miles. But," continued



Eph, "I think we had better resume our journey to Cambridge, so we will take the electric car, not forgetting the precaution not to get on the car until it stops."

The approach to Harvard Bridge is very pleasant; the Mt. Vernon Church on the right, at the corner of Beacon Street, is a fine, commodious structure, of rough buff stone with darker trimmings. From the bridge is a very fine view. On the right is seen Charlestown, with Bunker Hill Monument rising majestically from the summit of the hill. East Cambridge, with numerous chimneys, denotes it a manufacturing center, the tallest chimney being at the power house of the Electric Company. This chimney is 230 feet high, and was built by the New England Glass Company, which was organized nearly one hundred years ago. On the left are the hills of Brookline. This town rejoices in the enjoyment of an independent town government, of which they are very proud. Next comes Brighton, and when they were annexed to Boston about twenty years ago, they were isolated from the city and had to get a bill from the legislature to compel Brookline to sell



Boston sufficient land to enable them to communicate with their own city. Charles River makes a beautiful winding course between its banks. Cambridge is seen all the way on the right. Many of its beautiful residences and the public buildings are seen as one rides along up Massachusetts Avenue. The most prominent is the new City Hall. They were now nearing the college grounds and buildings. "What is that old-fashioned, country-looking building on the right?" said Josh.

"That is the Wadsworth House, built in 1820, for the residence of the college presidents. We will get out here," said Eph.

Nearly opposite the Wadsworth House, at the corner of Dunster Street, is the spot where the first printing press in British America was started by Stephen Daye, in 1638, who lived here until 1668. They started and walked through the college grounds; this portion is called the quadrangle. Many of the majestic elms are more than one hundred and fifty years old, the space is surrounded with buildings. At the south end is Gray, built in 1863. All these buildings are called halls, and are used for



dormitories, except the stone building on the right called University, built in 1812, which is used for offices and recitations, the basement for steam and boiler plant, and printing office. Next to Gray on the right is Weld, built in 1871; on the left is Mathews, built in 1871; the next on the left, Massachusetts, the oldest college building standing, built in 1720; the next on the left, Harvard, built in 1764; Stoughton, built in 1810; next on the left, Hollis, built the same year. In the rear of these two is Holden Chapel, built in 1740; next across the north end of quadrangle is Holworthy, built in 1740. The late governor Edward Everett had a room in this building while in college. On the east side opposite Stoughton is Thayer, built in 1870, by Nathaniel Thayer, in memory of his father, Nathaniel Thayer, D. D., and his brother, John Eliot Thayer. These comprise all the buildings surrounding the quadrangle. East of Thayer is Appleton Chapel, built in 1857; southeast of the chapel is a large, costly building called Sever Hall, built in 1880 nearly entirely of brick, many fine carvings being cut in the projecting brickwork after the bricks were laid in the walls. It is



used for lecture rooms and recitations. On the opposite side of Appleton Chapel, at the south end of the large, open lawn with many old, beautiful trees, is the college library building, a fine Gothic granite structure, built in 1838. A wing was added in 1874, the whole known as Gore Hall. It is difficult to detect the difference in age between the two portions. Next to this, at the west side, is Boylston Chemical Laboratory which covers part of the lot where the Rev. Thomas Hooker lived in 1633, the first minister of Newtowne, as then called. Opposite the north side of Appleton Chapel, fronting on Cambridge Street, is the Fogg Art Museum, built in 1895. Nearly opposite the Fogg Museum, at the junction of Cambridge and Kirkland Streets, is Memorial Hall and grounds, a magnificent building costing about \$750,000, began in 1871, the whole structure completed in 1873. It was built in honor of the sons of Harvard who were killed in the Civil War. On the east end is Sanders Theater, a very fine auditorium for lectures, concerts, operas, and other college purposes, and on each side of the vestibule are inscribed on marble tablets the names of the



fallen heroes, to which class they belonged, and the battles in which they were engaged at the time of their death. The large hall is surrounded on its walls with fine old portraits of the early presidents, professors, and early donors to the college. It is used as a dining room for students and also for class day, commencement, and other public services connected with the University. In the triangle at the north end of Memorial Hall is a bronze statue of John Harvard, the founder of the college, sitting in an ancient armchair, looking westward; next, west of Memorial Hall on Kirkland Street, is the Lawrence Scientific School, built in 1848; then comes the Hemenway Gymnasium, a magnificent building.

Passing up north (or Massachusetts Avenue, as it is now called), near the junction of Cambridge Street, is Holmes Place, the spot where Oliver Wendell Holmes was born; opposite is the Austin Law School; a short distance to the east is the Physical Laboratory.

Crossing Oxford Street is Agassiz Museum. Here are the Blasckha collections of glass models, the most wonderful specimens of art



ever produced, a perfect imitation of botanical specimens in great variety in their different form and color, from the seed to the fully developed plant. Other parts of the museum are devoted to different branches of natural history in great variety, including fishes, shells, birds, etc., in which the elder Agassiz was so deeply interested and which he made his life study.

Further up Oxford Street are Perkins and Conant Halls used as dormitories. On the opposite side of Oxford Street are Homes and Jarvis fields, noted for ball games. Returning by the Agassiz Museum, one comes to Peabody Museum, filled with many interesting objects. On the opposite is the Divinity School and Library near by. On the west side, surrounded by ancient trees, is the home of Dr. J. G. Palfrey, the pioneer in the free soil movement which gave birth to the Republican party.

On the east side of Divinity Avenue will be seen the Divinity School, and beyond is Norton's Woods, and the home of Professor Norton rising above the trees. The walk up Divinity Avenue between the double row of noble trees is delightful.



Turning to the right, passing the gymnasium, one comes to Hastings Hall, a beautiful building used as a dormitory; nearly opposite is Cambridge Common, in which stands the statue of John Bridge, the Puritan, one of the earliest settlers of Cambridge; and near the other end of the common is the soldiers' monument.

On the opposite side of the street from the common is the Shepard Congregational Church. This parish was the outgrowth of Thomas Hooker's parish, he having early removed to Hartford, Conn. Directly opposite the corner are the buildings of Radcliffe College for women, and near them on Garden Street stands the Washington Elm, beneath which, on July 3, 1775, Washington took command of the American army. Continuing down Garden Street toward Harvard Square on the right is Christ Church, built in 1760 (Washington attended this church while his headquarters were in Cambridge), and adjoining the church grounds is the oldest cemetery in Cambridge, many of the oldest citizens being buried there. A monument is erected here to commemorate the heroes who



lived in Cambridge and were killed at the battle of Lexington.

Next to the cemetery stands the meeting house built by the First Parish Society, in 1833. Continuing through Harvard Square to Brattle Street (at this point comes in Boylston Street), which was the first starting point to Boston over the first bridge that was built over the Charles River. There is a stone tablet (placed in Cambridge Cemetery for preservation), on which is inscribed, "Direct road to Boston, eight and one half miles, 1708." This road goes over the river through Brighton, Brookline, Roxbury, down Washington Street, over what was formerly the neck (at about Dover Street), to the old State House, at the head of State Street. The distance now from the same point over Craigie's Bridge, through East Cambridge, is three and one fourth miles. Beginning at Brattle Street, near Harvard Square, one passes up Brattle Street. Here are many old residences, built about the time of the Revolution. Their occupants were many of them patriots, and not a few Tories, as they were called. The most prominent building is



the Vassell House, standing near Ash Street, and the owner was the most prominent Tory of that time.

Nearly opposite, at the junction of Mason and Brattle Street, is the Episcopal Theological School. The most prominent building is the St. John's Memorial Chapel, built in commemoration of the Mason family. Other buildings of the group (all are built of stone) are Lawrence and Winthrop Halls, a library, a refectory, lecture rooms, and several other small buildings. At the right of the chapel is the Deanery, built by Dean Gray, and presented to the seminary by Mrs. Gray, as a memorial to her husband.

Proceeding up Brattle Street a short distance, next to the seminary, is the beautiful residence of Bishop Lawrence, who was formerly Dean of the Seminary. Immediately adjoining is the Longfellow residence (Washington's headquarters), now occupied by his daughter, Miss Longfellow. Opposite is seen the Longfellow Gardens, giving a beautiful and extended view across the Charles River, and the hills of Brookline, Brighton, and Allston.



Further up, following the noble line of elms, are old residences, some of them about two hundred years old. From the top of Lake View Avenue is seen in the distance Fresh Pond, where Cambridge gets a portion of its water supply. The surrounding towns of Arlington, Belmont, and Waverly, also Mt. Auburn and Cambridge Cemeteries, are distinctly seen.

When this point was reached, Josh said: "Look a-here, Eph, I've seen about as much as I can stand fur one day; 'spose we push for hum."

"Agreed," said Eph. "We will walk down and take a Mt. Auburn and Harvard Square car, and change to Cambridge Street line."

"I'd like to go to Mt. Auburn," says Josh, "I've heerd so much about it, but can't, it's too late."

A car stopped, and they got aboard; it ran along the bank of the river the most of the way.

Josh remarked that "the smell was purty strong." He liked "the smell of the marshes very well, but there was something else, 'twant so good." Eph suggested that it was the sewerage, but they would get rid of that very soon by using



the Metropolitan Sewerage System. Josh said he hoped they would; he had "heerd of it."

They passed the University Press, both new and old buildings, the latter looking rather shabby, as they were beginning to tear it down. It had been used by the Press for a great many years, the building was built for a hotel, and used for that purpose for several years, but it did not prove latterly much of a success. It was then leased to the University Press Company, and the name of John Wilson & Son became widely known throughout the publishing world. Their new buildings make a fine appearance, and are considered to be well adapted to the business.

Arriving at the Square, the travelers and sight-seers took a Cambridge Street car, passing by the grounds of the college, Memorial Hall, Quincy Street, the southeastern border of the college grounds, where the president and many of the professors reside. On the corner of Quincy and Broadway is the house of Professor Agassiz.

Near by is Felton Street, the northwest border of the property formerly owned by the late



S. B. Rindge, whom many of the Cambridge boys now about seventy years of age will remember as a schoolmate. Mr. Rindge was a wealthy dry goods merchant of Boston. He left school when about fifteen years old to take a position as a boy in the store of Parker & Wilder in Boston. He was in that firm until his death, in the summer of 1883. After his death the property fell into the hands of his only son.

Mr. Frederick Rindge lives in California, and has given to the city of Cambridge all of this property bounded by Cambridge Street, Broadway, Felton, and Ellery Streets. There is some private property at the corner of Cambridge and Trowbridge Streets, and also at the corner of Cambridge and Ellery Streets. The group of buildings seen first, beginning on Felton Street, is the Manual Training School, which Mr. Rindge has managed for eight years at his own expense.

The next group is the Public Library, with the land occupying the space between Irving and Trowbridge Streets, extending from Cambridge Street south to Broadway, then comes



the English High School, which was built by the city, the most of the lot being furnished by Mr. Rindge.

There is not much of special interest on the way to Boston, except that some of the residences in the vicinity of Dana Hill are very pleasant. As one approaches East Cambridge, it being a manufacturing center, the population becomes more numerous and apartment houses increase in number. There is a very pleasant little park on the right, just before one reaches East Cambridge, which gives relief to the surroundings, and pure air for the multitude of children in the neighborhood. The river is crossed by Craigie's Bridge, and another small park, called Charles Bank, gives a chance for pure air amusement to the thousands living in the vicinity. As they proceeded they noticed the crowded condition of the narrow streets, the occupants seeking their homes after the labors of the day.

The teams hurrying along in a reckless manner to make all the time possible; the cars packed with people between and on the seats; the running boards of the cars filled with men standing, accidents and blockades frequently



occurring, nearly every day some one injured, oftentimes several, it seems almost impossible at times to make any progress. This is called *rapid transit*! And these are only a few of the many evils incident to the surface trolley system. Eph said to Josh, "The company has given to the public in the last eight years a great variety of routes into Boston from the suburban towns, at a less rate of fare, for a longer distance traveled for the same fare, but at the sacrifice of vexatious delays to the travelers, pedestrians, carriages, teams, and general business, the streets often torn up, and a stoppage of all traffic frequently for a great length of time, and all this without any gain in time in reaching many points; and the worst of all, many serious accidents, and not a few fatal ones, have been the result."

While passing through Haymarket Square the trolley wire of the line on which they were running broke. That, of course, produced a serious block, as several lines crossed and intersected at that point. Very soon an emergency wagon arrived, ladders went up quickly, men soon mounted to make temporary repairs, which



were soon completed, and in about thirty minutes the cars were again moving. A gentleman remarked that was quick work. Another said, "Yes, the Electric Rapid Transit are ready for any emergency, whether for repairs, or a doctor, lawyer, or witness. They can meet any case, when their financial interest is at stake."

How true that may be, those that have had experience with them in that line can readily testify.

They arrived at their abiding place tired and hungry. After having refreshed themselves inwardly and outwardly, and talked over their plans for the morrow, they were glad to bid each other good night.



## CHAPTER IV.

### SOMETHING ABOUT BOSTON'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND OLD LANDMARKS.

EPH arrived in good season in the morning, and both were soon ready to take a car at the corner of Beacon and Tremont Streets, at the site of the old Tremont House, one of Boston's famous hostelries. "I should think it was mighty risky," says Josh, "putting up sich a high spider-looking thing as that ar buildin'."

"Oh, that is all the rage now," says Eph, "the modern idea."

"Yes, some of them modern ideas will come to grief if they don't stop trying to git up among the clouds in these narrow alleys. What is't they call them?"

"Sky-scrapers," says Eph.

"I should think they were. How in the name of creation and common sense can people git out of those top floors in case of fire below,



and them things they call elevators should git out of fix, and couldn't be made to work?"

"There are fire-escapes," says Eph.

"How many could get down them narrer things alive, with the flames pouring out of the windows and the blinding smoke filling the air, they suffocating and stumbling over each other? And besides, half of them would be so frightened that they would jump and kill themselves. I guess they'd git nuff of it arter awhile."

"Do you see that immense building on the other corner?" says Eph, to change the subject. "That is filled with all kinds of dry goods, house-keeping utensils, and all sorts of notions, to meet the wants of the great mass of the community. The enterprising proprietors have spared no expense and energy to fill that demand.

"On the opposite corner is King's Chapel and Burying Ground, where is buried Governor Winthrop and many of the old residents that lived before the Revolution."

"On the opposite corner is the Parker House, a noted hotel. There is a very good story told about a stranger that never visited Boston before.



He put up at the Tremont House, and as he arrived in the night, did not notice the surroundings. When he arose in the morning, upon looking out of the window he saw nothing but tombstones. He went down to the office and told the clerk he must have another room, as he did not like to see a line of gravestones as soon as he was out of bed. The clerk kindly gave him a nice room on the corner of Tremont and Beacon Streets. He went to bed very cheerful, much pleased with the change; in the morning upon looking out, he saw King's Chapel Burying Ground with its numerous old stones. He was somewhat stirred up, and told the clerk he must leave. Accordingly he went to the Parker House. They gave him a pleasant room front, but in the morning there was the same old view of the tombstones. He went to the landlord this time, he said he must have a quiet room that did not look out upon a graveyard. The landlord said he would give him a nice room in the rear wing; but to the man's sorrow, the first thing he gazed upon in the morning was several lines of gravestones. He went to the clerk and said Boston must be a very unhealthy place, for



it seemed to be all graveyards, and he should leave the city."

They walked down School Street; on the left is the City Hall, a large, homely building, which has had a good many additions and serves the city fathers very well. In the front, on the left, is the bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin; on the right is that of Josiah Quincy, the elder, a shrewd, honorable business man, and one of Boston's best mayors; at the corner of School and Washington Streets is the old corner bookstore, built in 1712, and still used as a bookstore. Nearly opposite, at the corner of Milk Street, stands the Old South Church, built more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and opposite the church on Milk Street is the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born. At the corner of Devonshire Street is the Boston Post-Office and Sub-Treasury Building, the corner stone of which was laid by General Grant, who was then President. At the great fire of 1872, this building, then unfinished, served as a barrier, and prevented the fire from crossing Washington Street. It went around the Old South, burning both sides and



in the rear, and left it unharmed amid the desolation.

They now retraced their steps to Tremont Street to take the cars. On the left, opposite the cemetery (where Benjamin Franklin's father and mother are buried), is the site of the old Tremont Theater. About fifty years ago it was altered to a church, and was called Tremont Temple; and as it had a fine auditorium it was used largely for lectures, public meetings, political gatherings, besides church purposes for the Tremont Temple Baptist Society, under Rev. Dr. Colver for a number of years. It then took fire and burned down, and a new one was built on the same site, larger and more commodious, and Rev. Dr. Lorimer came soon after as their pastor, who has been very popular and efficient as a leader in every good word and work. That building has been twice destroyed by fire, and has recently been rebuilt, and is the most beautiful and convenient building in Boston for the purpose. On our right is Park Street Church, noted in olden times for being the center of Calvinistic orthodoxy, but it became very much modified under the teachings of Rev. William H. Murray.



The common now appears before us again, with the unfinished subway. On the corner of Temple Place is the site of the old Masonic Temple. From there to the corner of Boylston Street, fifty years ago, Tremont Street was occupied exclusively by private residences, many of them the homes of the doctors of those days. Rev. Dr. William E. Channing resided on Mt. Vernon St., this story is told of him. The good man was called out of his bed one very cold night by a person who wanted a physician very much; after hearing his caller's statement, he said:—

“Ah! you want my brother Walter, who lives a few doors beyond. I preach, but he practises!”

At the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets is the latest built Masonic Temple, the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in Boston. The interior was nearly destroyed by fire soon after the Masonic display of last year.

It is supposed that the fire may have taken from some of the electric wires used in the illuminations. It is as yet undecided whether to rebuild here, or in another locality.



## CHAPTER V.

### SOME OF THE CHURCHES, SMALL PARKS, AND CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR.

EPH and Josh continued their ride through Boylston Street. They passed by the Public Garden, which is one of the finest spots of beauty, considering its size, to be found in the whole United States, special care having always been taken by the city forester, who, has sought to make this park a constant succession of floral beauty. A few years ago, when the Grand Army Encampment was held here, the seals of all the different States were shown in beautiful flowers. When the Christian Endeavorers and Knight Templars were here, appropriate decorations were made at the proper time for each; and now as the blemish of the subway is being recovered from, it begins to assume its old-time beauty. There are a number of fine statues in this little quadrangle well worthy of a prolonged visit. The buildings opposite the Public



Garden, which were formerly occupied as dwellings and afterwards as doctors' residences and offices, have mostly given place to retail stores, and very shortly will be altogether wholesale stores. The growth of business is gradually working south and west, towards Roxbury, Brookline, and even Brighton.

As they passed up Boylston Street, on the left comes the Young Men's Christian Association Building at Berkeley Street; the Brunswick Hotel appears next, at Clarendon Street. Just beyond Trinity Church on the right is the New Old South Church, with a high, square tower. A short distance above the Public Library, at the corner of Exeter Street, is a large building belonging to the Harvard University, devoted to the medical school. Several private hotels are on Exeter Street, Copley Square being at the corner of Huntington Avenue. The large space of vacant land filled with cars belongs to the Albany Railroad, which passes under the streets in this vicinity. The Mechanics' Building, which fronts on Huntington Avenue, is also seen.

They now turn on to Massachusetts Avenue and continue along to Beacon Street, and instead



of crossing the bridge they turn up Beacon Street on the way to Brookline.

They have a fine view of Cambridge, and pass by a portion of the Fens. All this territory was recovered from the "Back Bay." A good class of buildings as residences will occupy this land.

Longwood, a portion of Brookline, comes into view. This is a very picturesque portion of the town; it is like a magnificent country village. The streets are not too wide, bordered on each side by beautiful varieties of shade trees (no car tracks nor tree-destroying trolleys), beautiful private residences everywhere. Streets mostly macadamized; no "Electric Rapid Transit" to come along and tear up the beautiful hard surface.

They pass the business part of the town on their left, and soon begin to ascend the hills. The railroad occupies the center of the street, and is enclosed by a fence except at the street crossings (which should have been depressed or go over all railroad tracks in a thickly populated district), and on each side outside of the fence the carriage roads are in excellent condition. All the residences are among the best in



the vicinity of Boston, and have ample and beautiful surroundings.

They gradually near Chestnut Hill Reservoir, the largest of the "Cochituate system." The grounds are laid out, filled with shade trees, and well kept. The view from the embankment around the reservoir is very fine. It takes in a part of the city proper, Brookline, and its immediate surroundings. They walked to the pumping station close at hand. Here are all the old pumping engines, also the new one which was put in last year, of 20,000,000 gallons daily capacity. It is the most economical running pumping engine known, with twice as much capacity as both the old ones. Steam is used at 180 pounds pressure to the square inch in what is termed a triple expansion engine, at a great saving of fuel over the old plan.

Josh looked on with wonder and astonishment, and exclaimed: —

"Look here, Eph; this great lot of water being pumped all the time, it seems to me, would run the reservoir over, and besides, I don't see how they get so much to pump."

Eph said: —



“They have men to attend to all this. They keep the water in the reservoir at the same height all the time, and as the water in Lake Cochituate diminishes they have other reservoirs and supply to draw from, which has been accumulating during the rainy season. Besides, they have the high service system, which is pumped up into the standpipe or tower, as it is called, located in Roxbury, which supplies all the high hills in this vicinity and Roxbury. They have the Mystic River system, which supplies Charlestown, Somerville, and Chelsea.”

“And what does Cambridge do for water, I’d like to know?” says Josh.

“Oh, Cambridge has an excellent system of its own. That is one reason why there is so much talk about the ‘Greater Boston.’ They want to annex all the territory within ten miles of the State House, so that they can get the beautiful buildings of Cambridge and the county of Middlesex, with the water-works of that city and the town of Brookline, with but little expense, and at the same time the prestige of the residences of Brookline, with the wealth of its citizens, as well as that of Somerville, Malden, Everett,



with the different towns, Cambridge and Harvard University thrown in."

"I don't believe," says Josh, "that they'd do that foolish thing very soon. I s'pose that they can't git it done unless the people of them ar places says they might, and I don't believe they'll do that this year nor some years after."

"Money goes a great ways, Josh. Not a very large sum will buy a great many votes among some people, but Cambridge and Brookline are very willing to wait for coming events.

"Well, Josh, we have seen considerable to-day, and I think we are both getting tired and will start for home. To give a little variety, we will take the car that goes back through the old part of Brookline, where the country store and old red schoolhouse used to be, which is the business portion of the town now, and going down Huntington Avenue will see some of the old farmhouses on the way and little low cottages, but most of them have given way to modern ideas. The most of the land is low and very uninviting to make homes pleasant. After leaving the town of Brookline, many improvements will be made, and the portions before



reaching the Fens will be occupied principally by brick blocks and apartment houses, at modern rates."

"It seems to me," says Josh, "that the Electric Rapid Transit is digging up the streets a good deal. All along everywhere we've been the streets are dug up and little short turnouts are made here and there. The cars are blocked in long lines waiting to get along on one track, while they work in tother."

"Yes, it is true," says Eph, "and one of the great many evils of the whole surface and trolley system. Ever since it was introduced here, about eight years ago, the prominent streets of the city (and those are where the tracks are located) have been torn up about all the time for eight months of the year during the fine weather, and in the winter frequently the cars are stopped by snow. The chief reason for this has been that electrical appliances for street-car propulsion have been passing through a successive series of inventive and experimental changes, instigated often by men not so familiar with the business in that line as they should have been, which were hastily put into practise on a large scale without



sufficient preliminary experience as to the details to fully warrant the plan of wholesale tearing up of costly constructed streets, and interference with the location of sewers, water, and gas pipes, to say nothing of telegraph, telephone, and electric wires and poles, and the serious and extensive damages to property in the varied form of valuable buildings, trees and shrubbery, and lastly but not least, this ever present menace of the deadly trolley wire to endanger our lives, peace, and comfort."

"But," says Josh, "do the Rapid Transit Company cause all this digging up of the streets?"

"No," says Eph; "as population increases and larger buildings are put up, larger water and gas pipes are required, and occasionally larger sewers are put in to meet the growing wants; but they cannot all occupy the streets at once, which are narrow at best, and accommodate the public as well. It would seem that the public, who own the streets, should be provided for first, and not a gigantic monopoly."

All this conversation had been going on



between Josh and Eph while they were sitting in the Public Garden enjoying its beauties in one of its shady nooks. After taking a walk through its winding paths, seeing and admiring its fine statues, watching the "swan boats" filled with the gay and happy children as they glide along paddling their hands in the cooling waters, they concluded to walk across the little suspension bridge, and through the common, on their way home over the hills, and visit the Soldiers' Monument, which Josh enjoyed very much. They took seats by the Frog Pond, where the children from time immemorial have sailed their boats and skipped stones across its bright surface, and even paddled with their bare feet and hands in its cooling waters. And years ago, within the memory of the oldest citizens, they were not shouted at by the guardians of peace, for there were none of them, except a few constables, the most noted of whom was "Old Reed," whom the boys of those days well remember. At night a staff of "watchmen" went over their beat once an hour and shouted, "All's well!" at intersecting street corners, and in case of fire, they rushed



along through the streets winding their immense rattles, disturbing the whole neighborhood shouting, "Fire! Fire at 50 Court Street," or wherever the fire might be. These were the days before steam fire engines and paid fire departments.

Eph says, "We will walk toward the old State House and view its glittering dome, which has always been for one hundred years the first spot to receive the rays of the rising sun, the last his sinking beams at night. Perhaps the tops of some of the modern sky-scrapers may put in an earlier and later appearance at this time."

"We will tarry a moment near Hancock Avenue, off Beacon Street, the spot where John Hancock was born and lived when he signed that document that gave liberty to the American people."

It was arranged that Mr. Tenny should meet them both in the morning, and they were glad to separate and retire for the night.



## CHAPTER VI.

MR. TENNY INVITES JOSH TO MEET HIM AT HIS  
PLACE OF BUSINESS.

EPH was on hand in good season, and the young men started to meet Mr. Tenny at his place of business, in the vicinity of what was formerly called Fort Hill. They walked up Temple Street to the New Court House Extension, and through Ashburton Place to the entrance of the New Court House in Pemberton Square. Josh admired the beautiful building very much, its massive approaches, and high, richly sculptured ceiling with varied colored stone, its sides with arches and statues, its beautiful inlaid colored marble floors, accessible elevators, convenient and finely furnished court rooms, in oak finish; and registry of deeds offices, with every convenience. All this was a great astonishment to Josh. They proceeded through Scollay Square, passing by the statue of Gov. John Winthrop, the first Governor of



Massachusetts Bay Colony; down Cornhill — the most noted mart of old Boston, for its book-stores — into what is now Adams Square, where the statue of the noted defender and sturdy apostle of the right of liberty, Samuel Adams, stands in a conspicuous place, in durable bronze. They passed in sight of Faneuil Hall, and across State Street, through Liberty Square to the Fort Hill district, where Mr. Tenny's store was located. He greeted Josh cordially, and asked him how he liked the appearance of the many things he had seen, and how he enjoyed his companion's company.

“Why, Mr. Tenny, I really don't know how to express my thanks to you for your great kindness. I've seed so much and learned so many things about Boston from Eph, that I don't see how it is possible for me to hold any more. I'm chuck full up to the brim, and I guess I'd better try and git something to do and go to work.”

“Well,” said Mr. Tenny, “perhaps it would be as well, as Ephraim is, no doubt, rather tired, having seen these things before; but he was pleased at my suggestion to show you around



for a few days, and give you a chance to see the sights, and probably he is quite willing to resume his duties in the store."

Eph said he was quite ready to do so, and, accordingly, left Josh in Mr. Tenny's care, and he went about his duties.

Mr. Tenny invited Josh to take a seat in his private office, and he would soon be with him. After a little time he came in and sat down near him, and remarked that he had been thinking over the matter a good deal, and had come to the conclusion that as Ephraim had been with him several years, and had become familiar with his business in all its varied details, and had become more valuable to him, he should promote him to a higher position, and that creating a vacancy, he had decided to offer Josh the position. The business being wholesale hardware especially, in the line of general builders' use, it offered a favorable field for a new beginner.

Mr. Tenny's proposition was so favorable, and at the same time so unexpected, that Josh gladly availed himself of the kind offer, and asked him when he should like for him to begin.



Mr. Tenny said he could do so at once. As it was near the close of the week, he might take a little time to rest, and commence on the following Monday morning. He bid his kind friend and employer good morning, and took his departure.

As he felt fresh, and full of life and good spirits, thinking of his good fortune, he did not feel inclined to return to his boarding house, but took a stroll down to the wharves, and saw the large ships, and looking across to East Boston, saw the ocean steamers, as well as the smaller steamboats and ferryboats; and being on the end of Long Wharf, he had a fine view of the harbor, with its many beautiful islands, the city institutions at Deer Island, also Fort Winthrop on Governor's Island, and Fort Independence on Castle Island. The waters of the harbor were filled with all sorts of sailing craft, from the little boats, with a leg-of-mutton sail, manned by one or two boys, to the large private yacht, manned by a dozen young "tars" in duck suits; the trim vessel careened to the water's edge, by the strain of the well-filled canvas, and plowing its way through the



sparkling, briny waves. As he turned up the wharf to find his way to the street, he saw the granite United States' Bonded Warehouses, and the solid granite Custom House, that looked as if it might stand for ages, and on Commercial Street he saw the vast collection of fruits and vegetables on the sidewalks of a long granite building, which he knew was the Quincy Market. He entered at the lower end, and the first thing that greeted his eyes was the enormous collection of fish of all sorts, from the halibut of two or three hundred pounds' weight to the little perch and smelts of a few ounces.

All this was new to him, as he had never seen any fish of more than a few pounds' weight, and those of the fresh water variety, while these were veritable salt, ocean fish. Passing on, he saw in succession vegetables, nuts, and fruit, then butter, cheese, lard, pork, beef! The great quarters of beef, such as Patrick Henry pleaded for in his appeal, at the church at Richmond, for the starving Revolutionary Army, when he said, "Beef! beef!! beef!!!", and he passed on to the poultry and mutton.

Directly opposite the upper entrance is Faneuil



Hall, the lower part used for a market, and Josh thought he would go upstairs into the hall. The first object that met his vision was the great picture of the Senate Chamber at Washington, in which Daniel Webster is the prominent figure, engaged in replying to the speech of Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina. This was one of Webster's noted speeches, and has been handed down as a masterpiece of eloquence and logic. It is said that the two senators met the next morning on Pennsylvania Avenue, and Mr. Webster greeted his opponent with a cheerful good morning, and said, "How do you do, Colonel Hayne?" His reply was very decided, "None the better for you, sir; none the better for you!"

Having viewed the fine collection of heroes of the Revolution and early statesmen, and admired the grand old Cradle of Liberty, where so many gatherings of noble men of past generations, as well as those of more recent date, have often met at noon hour or evening to discuss the momentous questions of the times, he reluctantly took his departure. There are some men now living who have listened to the eloquent plead-



ings of Daniel Webster, Choate, Banks, Sumner, Wilson, Wendell Phillips, and many others in this famous building.

Josh passed around the building into Dock Square, where, at the corner of North Street, formerly stood an old gambrel roof building with many projections and funny-looking windows, and covered with a coat of cement and small pebbles with an intermingling of shells, on the end facing Union Street, over the principal entrance of which was this inscription, "Built in 1680." The building was torn down some thirty years ago to give place to stores. Proceeding through Union Street, which is the center of the furnace and stove trade, he came to Marshall Street, where, on the east corner of a small court, stands a four-story brick building built in 1835. Near the corner, imbedded in the wall, is a stone globe about 18 inches in diameter without any inscription on the globe. Only half of it projects beyond the face of the wall. Below the globe, near the sidewalk, is a block of stone about 30 inches long, 12 inches deep, projecting about 5 inches from the wall, with this inscription, "Boston Stone," "1737." But



little is known of its history save that it was in the ancient building on this spot, and when it was torn down the two stones were preserved and carefully inserted in the new building in the same relative position. It had been learned that a dealer and manufacturer of paints occupied the old building, and he imported from England a stone paint mill about the year 1700, of which these two stones were a part. The reservoir for the paint after it was ground contained about two barrels. This globe was revolved at the top and ground the paint, then it ran into the reservoir. The lower stone with the inscription was the base.

Proceeding across Hanover Street, Josh turned up again to Union Street, thence to Haymarket Square. A canal came through here formerly into the bay on the east side of the city, but long since went out of use. A few only now living can remember its existence, streets and stores have occupied its place. Continuing up Sudbury Street to Court, he saw many old, antiquated buildings, occupied by residents of former generations. As Bowdoin Square is approached, a number of large stores come into



view ; many of the Cambridge cars from Cambridge Street stop here and resume their return trip down Green Street back to Cambridge Street again. From Cambridge Street Josh turned up Temple Street and sought his home, tired, and glad to get there. After supper Eph made his appearance and invited him to visit his home and father's family. After he had had a short conversation with him alone with reference to the occurrences of the day and the favorable prospects which seemed to open to each, and the very high opinion which they both entertained for their employer, benefactor, and true friend, Eph introduced Josh to the various members of the family, consisting of father, mother, sister about three years younger than Josh, a brother of fourteen, and another sister of eleven years. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer questioned Josh in regard to his experience in the city, to which he answered with promptness and intelligence in his quaint style. They were mutually pleased, and after a little interchange of pleasant thoughts he bid them good night and took his way home.



## CHAPTER VII.

### HIS TRIP TO CHARLESTOWN AND BUNKER HILL, AND HIS BUSINESS CAREER.

THE next day being his last leisure day previous to entering on his duties Monday morning, he decided to go over to Charlestown. He had heard much of the early history of Boston and Charlestown, and felt like visiting the scenes of the early conflicts and stirring times of the beginning of the Revolution. On his way down to Warren Bridge he passed Rev. Dr. Lowell's church on Lynde Street, now used for the West End branch of the Public Library. (Dr. Lowell was the father of James Russell Lowell, the famous Cambridge poet and author of the noted "Biglow Papers.") He continued into Causeway Street (where the waters of the Charles River once flowed and mingled with that of the bay and ocean), by the new Union Station, where trains from nearly all parts of the East, North, and West are concentrated, making



this the most accessible and convenient station in the United States. He passed by the old Fitchburg Station, where "Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale," sang her first song to an American audience, under the management of the famous Barnum, more than fifty years ago.

He got a glimpse of the Navy Yard and Uncle Sam's ships as he passed over the bridge. Going through Charlestown Square, turning to the right of City Hall, he passed through a small park at the foot of Bunker Hill, as usually termed, but in reality Breed's Hill, as history tells us that the battle was commenced at Bunker Hill and our soldiers retreated to Breed's Hill, where Warren fell. In this park is a beautiful monument, in commemoration of the soldiers killed in the Rebellion, belonging to Charlestown. Also inside the gates of the park are large bronze tablets, giving the names of the men killed and wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill, and where they lived. Proceeding up the hill, he came to the monument and battle-field. The view from the top of the hill was very fine, as told by those who saw it before it was surrounded by high buildings. The hill



is about 100 feet above tide level, and the monument rises 220 feet from the surface of the hill; the view from the top when the sky is clear is beautiful. At times the White Mountains in New Hampshire are visible, one hundred miles away. Wachusett, in Princeton, sixty miles distant, is seen, also Monadnock, in New Hampshire, about seventy-five miles. The coast line and Boston Harbor, with its beautiful islands, and Massachusetts Bay, are distinctly seen. Josh met an elderly gentleman in the outlook at the top of the monument, who told him of a peculiar experience he had, when about twenty years of age, in connection with this monument. The structure was nearly completed, the workmen were waiting for the capstone to cover up the hole in the center, which had been used for the derrick mast, for hoisting the stone in the progress of the work. The derrick was still in position. It was nearly night when he ascended the monument by the stone steps inside, and when he reached the upper floor (where they were now standing), he took a notion to climb up the mast through the hole in the middle, which was barely large enough for him to



squeeze through. As he stood on the top on a space about four feet square, and admired the magnificent surroundings, the time passing quickly, he did not realize that the sun was sinking rapidly in the west. The people looked like little pigmies, and carriages with horses like dogs, as dimly seen below. He knew he must hasten down. All the lights had been put out, so it was quite dark inside. His way was made as rapidly as possible around the wind of three hundred steps, with the usual halt of a broad one, where the little air space came from the outside, which he had partly to guess at; but he reached at length the door at the bottom, to find it locked! He pounded it furiously for some minutes, when he heard a shout. "By jabbers, who is there?" He replied he was locked in, and wanted to get out, which the Celtic gentleman proceeded to help him do by unlocking the door. "Faith," says Pat, "I thought, by the Holy Father, you was indeed a ghoust." But Pat soon realized that he was not much of a ghost, for the intense heat inside and the vigorous exercise which he had undergone undoubtedly gave him the appearance of an



active and quite a high-colored ghost! But he was very thankful to make his escape, as Pat remarked, if he had been a minute later, he would have been compelled to have spent the night inside, and probably a portion if not all the next day, as the work was suspended for the time.

Josh, on returning to the surface, took a complete survey of the hill, the different points where breastworks were thrown up, as indicated by the granite tablets, and read carefully their varied inscriptions; and gazed with admiration upon the heroic bronze statue of Colonel Prescott, as shown in the figure, in the act of advancing with drawn sword in hand, with a set determination in every feature to do or die.

He concluded to visit the Navy Yard, which was near at hand. He entered the side entrance on Chelsea Street, near the residences of the commandant and other officers, and went immediately into the rope walks, where the heavy cordage and cables are made for Uncle Sam's war-ships. He had never seen such ropes before, some of them as much as six inches in diameter, or such ponderous machinery required



to do the work. The progress is entirely different from that of the common rope for general use, as those are made in short, compact machines, and coiled up on reels as fast as made, while these are made by commencing with small yarns not larger than cotton wicking, and wound and twisted together with strand after strand of still larger cord and rope until the six-inch cable is completed, which requires a rope walk one quarter of a mile in length. Having witnessed the different processes, including the tarring of the cables by drawing them through a vat of hot tar, which preserves them from decay by the action of the elements and the salt water, and reached the end of the long walk on the outside of the building, he visited the workshops, where the heavy steam machinery of the war-ships are built and repaired, all of which require the most ponderous tools and hoisting apparatus. During the Rebellion this, as well as all of the government yards of the country, and private yards, and iron works of all descriptions, were hustling with activity, for the demand of the government was very great. He passed through the



great forge and rolling mills where the armor plate was made, through the engine-rooms and workshops, which are now nearly silent. He saw the big chimney, 240 feet high, the great piles of shot and shell, and the long rows of navy, fort, and siege guns, all of which filled Josh with astonishment and wonder. It was all new to him. He came to the dry dock, built of solid granite about 1834, but to-day practically about useless, as it is much too short for even merchant steamers of large size, as used at the present day.

He went into the engine-house of the pumping engine used for pumping out the dock after the ship is placed in position. But the machinery is not the magnitude of that at the Chestnut Hill Reservoir. From there he went into the Marine Museum, which is filled with marine and other relics of the late Rebellion, and he was very much interested in all he saw. As he came out, he went down to the end of the dock, where a number of war-ships were lying at anchor, the most of them the old line battle-ships with two and three rows of guns on each side. The *Wabash* is now the receiving



ship, and about the only approach to modern ships now here.

Across the channel is thickly populated East Boston, with all its various industries, and its wharves lined with shipping. The ocean steamers are prominent. On the left is the mouth of the Mystic River, with its many coal depots, docks, and elevators, for this being deep water, large steamers come here with coal, and foreign vessels for grain and flour, as the docks have direct railway communication with all parts of the country. Still farther to the left is Chelsea, a busy manufacturing city, which seems to have gotten over the stigma of "Dead as Chelsea," and has become quite an important little city. The Marine Hospital and Soldiers' Home are on the adjacent heights. To the right is seen also the wharves of the North End, and Copps Hill stands out prominent.

Many of Boston's ancient residents are buried in this ancient burial-place, Cotton Mather among them.

As it was drawing towards evening Josh found his way out of the yard, through the gate on Navy Street (a United States sentinel is



always here). On his way to the lower bridge, he passed the terminus of the Hoosac Tunnel line, where are the docks and elevators for handling and shipping the grain from the cars. A singular incident is connected with a large vessel many years ago that was moored at this dock. A severe easterly gale of wind came on suddenly in the night, and broke the ship from her fastenings, and the watchman being the only man on board, he could do nothing towards securing the vessel, but had the coolness and presence of mind to do the right thing. Accordingly, he steered the ship direct bow on, to the old Charlestown Bridge. It cut a swath completely through it, but checked the speed so much that it brought it up against the pier of Warren Bridge draw without harm to the vessel, and but little to either bridge, as the old bridge had been suspended for repairs. Josh passed up Causeway Street, directly home, and was glad to reach it after the fatigue of the day.

Eph came in the evening to talk over the events that had occurred in the past few days, and arrange to attend church on the morrow, to hear Dr. Lorimer at Tremont Temple, which



had just been rebuilt, after having been destroyed by fire the year before.

Sunday morning Josh arose happy as a lark, feeling bright and well. After his usual bath and preparations for the day, he had a short time for suitable reading and reflection before breakfast, and soon after the morning meal, he started to meet his friend.

He was all ready upon his arrival, and after greeting the members of the family pleasantly, the two young men set out for the Temple. This was Josh's first attendance at any church in Boston. The beautiful interior of the building struck him with peculiar force. Its complete accommodation to the wants of the large congregation which gathered there, and the distinctness with which the eloquent words of the preacher reached the hearers, astonished him very much. The subject was very practical, especially adapted to young men, and made a deep and abiding impression upon his mind, and he came away so full of it that he did not feel like engaging much in conversation in their walk homeward. But the friends parted with the best of feeling towards each other,



they each having been absorbed mostly in their own thoughts.

After dinner Josh spent a short time in reading, then commenced a long letter to his mother. He had written her during the week, giving her an account of his journey, and safe arrival, and the reception he had received, but had not told of the favorable arrangement he had made with Mr. Tenny, and he decided now to do so in full. Having concluded the letter, he made ready to meet Eph, to attend the afternoon service at Trinity Church. The interior of the church struck him with admiration, the magnificent paintings called forth the best emotions of his nature, and he enjoyed the beautiful and inspiring church service and the soul-inspiring music, all of which were new to him, and gave him food for calm reflection later in the evening. They walked homeward through Clarendon Street, and through Commonwealth Avenue, which has fine residences on each side, with a park through the center, admiring the fine statue of General Glover, the Revolutionary hero of Marblehead, who raised a regiment of one thousand men and reported at camp, at Cambridge,



June 2, 1775; also that of Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, who served through Washington's administration with great ability. They walked through the Public Garden, admiring the lovely floral display, and across the Common, which was not so beautiful, unless rough walks, piles of gravel, uncouth mounds of sand, broken alternate ridges of clay and gravel, heaps of stone, numerous boulders and grass plots, constitute beauty.

Arriving at the State House, they went through what was once Temple Street, and the old reservoir, built in 1848, which was torn down in 1894-1895 to give place to the present State House extension, the surroundings of which are not yet completed, and crossed Derne Street, and are in Temple Street, at home, to meet on the morrow, one to resume the same business, the other to start in an entirely new field, as many a youth has done before. Josh, having had abundance of material during the day to furnish food for reflection, after partaking of a light supper retired to his room for quiet and early rest.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### INTRODUCTION TO HIS BUSINESS ASSOCIATES, AND COMMENCEMENT OF HIS DUTIES.

EARLY on Monday Josh rose and prepared himself to begin his life's duties anew and adapt himself to his new field of usefulness, and in the city of his adoption he hoped to make a permanent home. He started full of life, with a determination to make a success.

Taking the shortest route for the store — he had now become quite familiar with the streets and surroundings, and it did not take long to find his way to the Fort Hill district. Eph was there just ahead of him, and, as he had leisure, he gave him such instructions as would be of advantage to him.

After a short time Mr. Tenny arrived, for he was a prompt man of business, and sought to impress those in his employ by his example what might be expected of them, which was far better than long lectures to each and every



one as to what might be required of them. His business was managed in such a way that each intuitively knew their duties before they were aware of it, for this same principle was carried out to the letter with the members of the firm, as well those holding the highest positions as the lowest.

In a short time Mr. Tenny observed Josh busy with Eph putting things in order about the store, and beckoned to him to come forward, which he did at once, and politely bid his employer good morning, which was returned, and then he invited him into the office, where he introduced him to Mr. Smith, his partner, and the other leading men, who greeted him cordially. They asked him a few questions in regard to what he had seen and how he was pleased, which he answered promptly and politely, with an intelligent idea of what he had seen, which satisfied them that he was a bright young man and took advantage of every opportunity to turn his observations to a good account. He then retired and resumed his duties.

Under Eph's tuition, and a ready learner as he was, he soon became familiar with his duties,



and it was not many weeks before he was a great favorite in the store among all that he was required to come in contact with. The whole business being entirely new to him, the time passed away rapidly, and before he was aware of it the noon hour had arrived, and arrangements were made for him to go to dinner about twelve o'clock, while Eph remained until he returned. It was not a long walk for a sprightly young man to go to his home and return within an hour.

The business of the afternoon was to attend to shipping goods, as the orders by mail came usually in the morning; and more customers called in the forenoon than later in the day. He, however, soon learned the general routine of the business, adapting himself to it.

After supper he looked over the daily papers. He could usually find one among the number that suited him, and he had begun to get some acquainted with the boarders and members of the family. The most of them were pleasant and desirable company. They sought to draw him out, as they found him a good talker and equally good listener, when the subject under



discussion was of interest to him. He retired early, slept well, and arose betimes to prepare for the duties of the day.

The routine of a wholesale or manufacturing business is very similar; the same course is pursued day after day, and when one becomes familiar with the line of business he is in, as far as the routine is concerned, he has it all. But that does not imply, by any means, that one who has thus familiarized himself with that portion of it knows it all.

As the slang phrase goes, he's got a heap to learn yet. He must know the nature and purposes of every article used in the business, its cost value as well as its selling value, and the varied qualities which are sold, and how payments are to be made. It is not so in the retail business; that goes into the regular every-day business of life, and to the consumer only. While the large retail business has its many branches, each under its appropriate head, to be carried out in every detail by the many subordinates, who become familiar with their special line and pursue it day after day, it therefore becomes a regular routine, which is easily learned. But not so with



the manufacturing or wholesale business. There is very much for one man to learn, and of necessity it takes a great amount of time and energy, and unless one has these qualifications he will not make a success.

Eph and Josh, in the progress of events, became very fast friends. They succeeded well together in the business, the first doing everything possible, in the best of spirit, to inform his associate in all matters necessary for him to know. The latter, a ready listener in all meekness, as becomes one anxious to learn, with a willing hand to do to the utmost of his ability all that was required of him with despatch, at the same time did not lose sight of the proper respect required to be shown to all his superiors. In this way he commanded the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

The two boys were somewhat different in their natures as well as in appearances. The elder was rather straight in stature and build, fair complexion, with strikingly even features, a massive forehead, quick to comprehend, and very active in his movements, his muscles fully developed by judicious exercise. The latter



was nearly the opposite; taller, stouter, and in robust health, from a life of toil upon the farm, a dark blonde in complexion, with well-cut features and prominent brow. He had a well-balanced mind, rather slow in decision and action, but firm and always reliable, and one likely to come out right. These were the young men that were to be much together. As time went on it was found that they became much pleased with each other's society, and were true and fast friends.

It was suggested by Eph's parents (as they became more acquainted with Josh) that it would be pleasant for him to live with them, as he liked a more quiet home than he had; accordingly, arrangements were made to that effect. The fall season was now approaching, and lectures and various sources of profit and amusement were in order for the long evenings, and it was much more convenient for them to be together. The change was very pleasant and happy.

They visited the Public Library, the "branch" being near at hand. They used that mostly, but occasionally went to the main building.



Josh was in raptures at what he saw there. The building strikingly impressed him, externally as well as in all its details. He admired the beautiful paintings. The more he gazed the longer he wanted to stay, but he filled in his time in so many ways that he could not spend all in one place. It was with great reluctance that he would at Eph's solicitation leave for home, but he always yielded to his judgment in these matters. They each got tickets to the Lowell Lectures, that they were especially interested in, and sometimes Eph's sister accompanied them. She resembled her brother very much, and bore the lovely name of Lucy. She was a light blonde, and beautiful, with golden hair, light-blue eyes, finely cut features, a fine cast of mind, well educated, pleasant and very agreeable in company, and it is needless to say that Josh was delighted to be in her company; it seemed to be reciprocated, and they had opportunity to be much together during the winter. As time advanced Josh felt that he would like to have his sister Mary come and make him a visit, and as Eph and he became more intimate he told him more of his family. Eph accidentally men-



tioned the subject to his parents, and they suggested that Mary be invited to make them a visit, as they had plenty of room and she would be good company for Lucy. Accordingly, the matter was arranged, much to the satisfaction of the two boys.



## CHAPTER IX.

JOSH, IN COMPANY WITH EPH, VISITS MANY  
PLACES OF INTEREST AND BECOMES MORE  
ACQUAINTED WITH THE ADVANTAGES  
OF A LARGE CITY.

AS Mr. Sawyer's family were regular members of the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Eph invited Josh on the next Sunday morning to go with him. He was much interested in the service, as it was quite different from the evening service at Trinity, which he had previously heard. He was much interested in both, as it was all new to him, and he felt that he should learn to like it. The sermon by the rector was a most excellent one. The style of the building was so different to that of Trinity that he was very much surprised. The churches that he had been in the habit of seeing in the country were so much alike that the contrast seemed to him very great. He did not realize that this church was next to Christ Church, the



oldest Episcopal church in Boston, while Trinity was very nearly the newest, and was the most costly and finest of any in the city.

After dinner, as the day was beautiful, Eph suggested that they take a trip to Cambridge, and visit the Agassiz Museum. Eph's mother proposed that Lucy and Harry, the younger brother, might go also; and taking a car at the foot of Temple Street, Broadway line, they went through Bowdoin Square, Green and Chambers Streets to Cambridge Street, over the West Boston Bridge, which route was all new to Josh. They struck Main Street for a short distance, and turned into Broadway, the lower part of which is rather unpleasant, being mostly manufacturing buildings and the lower class of tenements, but very soon they reached a better class of buildings. Then passing the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Manufactory, on the left near the railroad crossing, and continuing a short distance, they came to a better class of residences. There is a very pretty little park on the left which has recently been laid out by the Park Commission, which was formerly a cemetery. The city opened a finely



located cemetery bordered by the Charles River, near Mt. Auburn, about forty years ago, and caused all that were buried in this lot to be removed to a suitable lot in the new cemetery without expense to the relatives; and now, since the improvements have been made, the Broadway Park, as it is called, has become a very pretty place.

Continuing up Broadway, and passing at Inman Street the Harvard Grammar School, they now ascend Dana Hill, where are fine residences on each side with beautiful grounds, and so come to Ellery Street, at the corner of which, on the right, is the English High School, one of the finest buildings in the vicinity of Boston. They stop for a few minutes in the new Public Library, at the corner of Trowbridge Street. It is not large, but a very beautiful building. They then cross to Cambridge Street, pass through Memorial Hall, where are the tablets with names of the men of Harvard — to which allusion has been made before — who were killed in the Rebellion, and going out of the north side into Oxford Street, they come to the entrance to Agassiz Museum, where the



Blaschka glass models are exhibited. This collection surpasses anything of the kind in the world. The secret is known at the present time to only one man, the father having recently died. Specimens of the smallest flower, twig, or plant are made of glass, imitating every color and form, and perfectly indestructible. For study this is invaluable, and exceedingly interesting.

Having feasted their eyes on this large and magnificent collection, they turn their steps to another part of the museum, containing fine collections in all branches of natural history in which the elder Agassiz excelled, and which his son has continued, and erected these beautiful buildings, chiefly at his own expense, presenting them to Harvard University. They went up Divinity Avenue to Kirkland Street, passing the residences of several professors, and go down Kirkland Street, leaving Professor Norton's house on the left, surrounded by old forest trees, and also the quiet residence of the noted Dr. John C. Palfrey, among the trees behind the former, then through Baldwin Street to the car station. They must wait out-



doors until the car comes (perhaps ten minutes, even half an hour or more at some hours), exposed to the fierce heat of the noonday sun, or drenching rain in summer; and in the winter, perhaps, a terrific snowstorm, or icy cold blasts.

Ladies, delicate children, even invalids, have to endure all this suffering. Why, signs in large, conspicuous letters have been recently posted at each side of the doors of all the car stations of the Great Rapid Transit Company, saying: "Positively No Admittance! Only Employees Allowed to Enter this Car Station. Dangerous!" The superintendent of the station is required to enforce this rule, and may order out all who attempt to enter. Why this arbitrary rule? An accident happened to a passenger previous to the posting of the signs, and the company had to pay damages. But, nevertheless, the whole community have to suffer, forsooth! And the great monopoly does not even provide a shed of boards to protect its patrons. Verily, this is a patient traveling community.

Eph having delivered himself freely on this point, proceeded to say that was not all. The



great monopoly run their heavy loaded wires in groups of ten frequently on their series of poles directly in front of open windows occupied by families, slash down beautiful trees, mutilate their branches to get passage for their dangerous wires; oftentimes the protective covering gets worn off by chafing against the trees, and the death-dealing electricity seeks the nearest channel (which they call short circuit); it may be an open window, with the aid of a dead wire, or down a tree, or post, where a group of people may be standing near by on the sidewalk, and as they receive the shock, some may be killed or seriously injured.

Josh interrupted and said, "I'd like to know if they have got to have the wires."

"No," replied Eph; "the whole overhead trolley and wire system should be abolished. It was an outrage upon a thickly settled, populous, and sensible community to inflict such a monstrous incubus upon them.

"It was well known, before this system was so firmly established, that a plan had been made whereby the current could be conveyed through an intermediate or third rail, and have all the



connective apparatus under the car and made positively safe, but the trolley system having a strong and powerful organization, and abundance of capital behind it to use as might be required, all subordinate schemes were thrown into the background.

“ But it is now conclusively shown by proof, that the intermediate rail as a medium of conveying power is a positive success, and the whole trolley system for large cities will have to be very soon abandoned.”

The most of this conversation took place while they were waiting at the station. A car came along, they got aboard, and were on their way down Cambridge Street towards home, which was reached in about half an hour.

They were all delighted with their trip. What they had seen at the museum made a profound impression upon them all, it was so unique and wonderful, and all so new.

Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer entered so fully into the spirit of the information gained from the young people that they determined to go and see for themselves, as soon as an opportunity offered.



After supper, Josh wrote a long letter to his mother, in which was one from Mrs. Sawyer inviting Mary to make them a visit, in which, in a very cordial manner, she impressed upon her the necessity of giving her daughter an opportunity of seeing something of life beyond their little home.

Josh does not give us any light in regard to their opinion of him, if even he had any idea what it might be. All this we must leave to the reader.



## CHAPTER X.

### HIS VISIT TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION AND OTHER INTERESTING PLACES.

THE two young men were up betimes and ready for breakfast, to which they usually did justice. The leaves of autumn had begun to fall, as they took their course down Park Street Mall, which reminded Josh of his childhood's home. Occasionally a thought of the old homestead and the dear ones there would force itself upon him, and it was pleasant to think of at times; but he did not allow himself to brood upon it. He was of such a joyous nature, and had such an abundance around him to occupy his thoughts, that he did not have time for homesickness. They soon reached the store, and engaged in their respective duties.

In the evening, after supper, Eph proposed that they go to the Young Men's Christian Union, in Boylston Street. That, as is well



known, is designed for the same purpose as the Young Men's Christian Association — to give young men who live in the city a place to meet and read suitable books, listen to lectures, engage in amusements, and whatever may be helpful to them. Josh enjoyed it very much, and felt that he should enjoy the meeting there often whether Eph came in with him or not, for there was much there to interest him. At an early hour they started for home. It was a lovely evening, and they enjoyed the walk very much. Their home was conveniently situated, for it was but a reasonably short walk to their place of business, also to church, and not far to the Lowell Lectures.

As for amusements, they did not care much for them, as they did not have the time, and Josh certainly did not have the money at present, and Eph did not have the inclination to much extent. They could both get all they wanted at the Christian Union and lectures which they attended without much outlay of money.

Having arrived at the house, the younger members of the family had retired. The father



and mother greeted Josh and Eph pleasantly, and asked Josh how he was pleased. He replied that he liked it very much. He thought that Boston boys had advantages superior to those in most places.

Mr. Sawyer replied that most of the progressive cities of the country had similar facilities. New York has the Cooper Union, a most excellent institution. Philadelphia has similar places, but outside of New England there was not so much, except in the larger cities. Lucy said she thought the boys had more privileges than the girls, and it was hardly fair. But as they were all interested in music, she had very good opportunities to attend concerts, through her teaching the piano to private pupils, and her time was now quite well taken up since she left school about a year ago. Lucy asked Josh if he was interested in music.

He said he had sung some in the village choir, but did not claim that he was much of a singer.

But now it was getting about bedtime, and they bid each other good night and retired.

The bright October morning found the boys



alert as usual and ready for business. The day passed with the usual routine. At night, after supper, the boys started for the Lowell lecture, which was on the subject of what should be the proper standard of money as a permanent basis for successful business. The speaker took the ground that "gold" was the only proper and reliable standard for progressive civilized nations, as the basis for money should be that and nothing else, as all other commodities changed in value in proportion to supply and demand; while with gold, the supply has never so much increased as to cheapen the price materially below the standard price, but it sometimes has been enhanced at a large premium above the standard in consequence of war, or unusual inflation of general commodities. They were much interested in the subject, and it was of great value to Josh, especially, as his opportunities had been quite limited in that direction. The walk home was very pleasant, as there was sufficient crisp to the October air to give quick activity to young blood, and before they were aware of it they arrived at the house. The older members of the family were in wait-



ing, and the first question asked by Mr. Sawyer was, "How did you like the lecture?" They both replied favorably, but as it was rather a dry subject for family discussion, the boys did not feel inclined to enter into it just at that moment.

Lucy remarked that she had some concert tickets that had been presented to her for a benevolent enterprise. If the boys would like to go with herself and mamma, they would be pleased to have them. Of course they both responded, "Yes." As it was to be on the following evening, they therefore arranged accordingly. They were both quite busy that day about their business, and did not think much about the concert until they started for home. Eph said he thought the principal singers were the Ruggles Street Quartette, and if that were the case, it would be interesting.

They started off in great glee, for the evening was beautiful. Eph walked with his mother, and Josh with Lucy. They had not a very long walk, as it was to be at the Warren Street Chapel. Lucy found her companion very bright and entertaining, notwithstanding his



peculiar expressions, and countrified and queer vernacular, which was fast giving away as he mingled with city people. Josh was more than pleased with his delightful companion, and they got to the chapel before they were aware of it.

The music was what Eph expected, and they also had some fine recitations. Taking it all together, the time passed very pleasantly, and on the way home the conversation was continued about various subjects, and the visit of Josh's sister Mary was mentioned. Lucy said she hoped she would come, as she knew she would like her.

Josh said she would find her much like himself, "very green."

Lucy replied she did not care much about that, as it would soon wear off. She had seen a great deal of improvement in him since he came. It was what people were that she liked, not altogether how they appeared; that would be all right in due time.

They found they were getting near home. They had not walked as fast as they might, if the three were together, as Eph's mother was



not quite so sprightly as they, although a good walker. They found their father at home reading his paper, as he kept up with the times, although he was an active carpenter and builder, and was very busy just now finishing up some important contracts. They talked over the evening's entertainment, and each retired for the night.

The next morning they were all up as bright as larks, preparing for the morning meal, and getting ready to go about the business of the day. Josh was perfectly happy and contented, and time flew rapidly. Morning and night came in rapid succession, and he sought to improve every moment to the best advantage. He was fast improving in his business and gaining at the same time the good-will of his employers, particularly Mr. Tenny, who was much pleased with the progress he was making, and he was satisfied that he was a young man of good sterling qualities and that he would make his mark in the world. Such young men in these days are scarce, but the few who seek and persevere will find room on top.

Eph was happily surprised when Josh told



him that he had received a letter in the morning's mail saying that Mary had decided to make them a visit, and would arrive on the following Monday night, and they must be sure and meet her at the station, for she would be alone. This news pleased them both, as Josh was glad at the prospect of seeing his sister, and getting news directly from home, and Eph felt that he certainly would like her if she was anything like Josh; so they went about their business with renewed zeal and activity. When evening came, after supper, the family were all present but Mrs. Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer commenced the conversation by saying, "Well, my boys and Lucy, how did you like the entertainment last evening?"

They all with one accord replied, "Very much. It was very fine. The singing was splendid."

Josh said he had never heard anything like it before, such harmony in every tone. He loved music very much, but never had the opportunity of practise or cultivating his voice. Mr. Sawyer replied, in a joking way, that Lucy would bring him out. Lucy seemed to think



that he would not need much bringing, by the way he let out his voice the other evening while they were singing.

During the conversation, Mrs. Sawyer came in and said she had received a letter from Mrs. Canzy, with a short note from Mary, saying she should be delighted to come, and knew she would have a good time, although it would be hard for her father and mother to have both of the older children away. But they felt that it would be very much for their good, and as the next boy and girl were fast getting to be useful and able to fill their places, on the whole, they thought it might be for the best.

Josh had many questions to ask about them, for he had a desire to know more fully about them, notwithstanding he had received a letter himself, which he proceeded to read to them. Josh said, after putting his letter away, he thought that Lucy might favor them with a song and accompaniment on the piano. And having sung several times, much to their satisfaction, she struck up a familiar tune, in which they all joined with much heartiness.

It was now drawing towards ten o'clock, the



two younger children having bid them good night about nine. In a short time they were all in their respective rooms, preparing for sleep.

The next day, being Saturday, and rather a busy time in the forenoon at the store, the boys did not have much chance to talk about much of anything but business, but after dinner there was a little let up, and they had a chat about the coming week. It was now the time of the year (middle of October) when the weather was delightful for short trips in the suburbs in the electrics. Eph said the girls would be kept busy for awhile in sight-seeing, and as Lucy was familiar with the localities and the easiest way of reaching them, she no doubt would be glad of the opportunity to show the sights to Mary, and they must be contented to listen in the evening to their accounts of their trips and impressions of them.

After supper, Eph said to Josh, "Suppose we go over to the Christian Union for awhile."

"Agreed," says Josh.

When they arrived the rooms were pretty well filled, as was apt to be the case on Satur-



day evening, as most of the young men could get there earlier. They amused themselves quite awhile in playing checkers. They then selected some interesting magazines, and spent the rest of the evening in reading. About 9.30, they started for home, much pleased with their visit. Being rather fatigued, they very soon bid the family good night, and retired. In the morning, they made ready to attend church at St. Paul's, and returned in ample time for dinner.

At the Sawyer homestead, all had been educated to regular habits in eating, rest, business, reading, recreation; there was a regular time for everything. On week days they had their noon meal, which was dinner, every day at 12.15; on Sunday, about an hour later. They usually spent a little more time at this meal, as the family were all present, and they enjoyed being together; but during the week, as business called Mr. Sawyer to different parts of the city quite often, he did not come to dinner, but took it where it was most convenient. But his time was so fully occupied through the week that he was glad to rest in quiet on Sunday.



Monday morning found the family stirring quite early, as the beautiful autumn weather produced life and vigor in the whole household, and the young men were promptly at the store about their business. Eph remarked to Josh that Mary was having a delightful day for her journey, and they both expressed a hope that she would get into the city on time. At this season of the year the trains were liable to be late, for the last of the mountain visitors were about returning to their homes, and the Western travel was turning towards Boston.

After supper and a short rest, the young men started for the station. Fortunately, the train was only about twenty minutes late. A great multitude of people were pouring into the waiting rooms, for the train was long and heavily laden. Eph and Josh took their position at the gate entrance before the train arrived, for Josh did not intend to miss his sister. She came along full of smiles, in due time, for she recognized her brother first, and of course the greeting was joyful. Having introduced her to Eph, they divided her various belongings between them, altogether not very burdensome, as her



trunk had been disposed of on the train. The distance not being great, they decided to walk home. Josh was full of inquiry in regard to each member of the family, especially father and mother; from all of them a pleasant message was received. Eph began to think it was about time he had his turn in the conversation with Mary, whom he found very bright and intelligent, but of course, as the city folks might say, a little "green,"—"raw," as an Englishman might say, but that was no drawback to Eph, for it was what she said, and her appearance, that made an impression on his mind.

She was rather above medium size, with quite dark hair, and eyes with a peculiar striking brightness and speaking expression, so full of the thought which her language conveyed.

It need not be said that Eph was charmed with the face that glowed so much with health and beauty. They had now arrived at their home, and were immediately ushered into the presence of the family. Each and all extended a cordial reception, and after partaking of some light refreshments and the usual cup of tea, which all New Englanders appreciate, they



were all delighted with Mary's style of setting forth the wonderful description of the scenery in all its varied and golden coloring, of the wild and grand mountain views, of the charming mirror-like lake surfaces, of the tortuous and winding streams over their rocky and precipitous beds. All this afforded them special interest, as though this was the first time they had heard it pictured. But as the hour was getting late, they each, with a hearty good night, retired.



## CHAPTER XI.

JOSH'S AND EPH'S SISTERS MAKE MANY PLEASANT TRIPS.

THE next day being not a very busy one with Lucy, the two girls started for a trip through Franklin Park, taking the car on Tremont Street. As the day was charming, Mary was struck with the golden and crimson foliage. All through Roxbury, bordering the route, were here and there patches of the famous Roxbury pudding stone, found here and nowhere else, jutting up in ledges, and in other places in detached boulders by the roadside, always of the same character, — a conglomerated mass of reddish-brown pebbles imbedded in a grayish flux, each pebble distinct and individual. Beautiful residences are found all the way to Franklin Park. In the thickly settled parts of Roxbury, brick buildings and stores abound, with here and there a fine, ivy-covered stone church. Arriving at the Park, one of the pub-



lic open carriages was taken for a seven-mile drive over fine, hard macadamized roads. Groups of children were scattered at intervals, in the quiet groves at play, while resting under the trees are the smaller children in baby carriages, with their mothers and nurses, and the larger ones romping and playing among the trees and bushes; the boys and young men playing ball in the broad fields.

In the course of the ride, various points of interest were pointed out by the driver. Occasionally halts were made at striking and extensive views of the scenery, one especially, taking in the view of the Blue Hills, in Milton, and its surroundings. After an hour of delight, the party returned and took the car for their destination. Lucy and Mary arrived home early, and were highly delighted with their trip.

As the October days seemed to be prolonged with fine weather, they felt they must improve it to the utmost while it lasted; accordingly, in the morning, they took a trip to Nantasket. The beautiful islands of Boston Harbor were a source of joy to Mary. She had never seen the ocean before, and as the blue salt waves



dashed against the shores of the islands among the rocks it was a grand sight to her ; and then the myriads of sailing craft in all directions, their sails filled to the utmost with the swelling breeze as they dashed onward, buffeting the spray as it struck the bow of the little craft ; and again, the majestic ship sailing away on its long voyage to India or other foreign clime, with every sail set to catch the breeze to waft it onward in its course ; and the great ocean steamers, too, with their decks thronged with passengers returning to their English or other European homes ; and the coastwise steamers, with their loaded freights, bound to Eastern and Southern ports, — all this was a new and interesting sight to Mary.

Fort Warren, on George's Island, was now near at hand ; the gray stone walls and bristling cannon mounted on the parapet frowned upon them.

Mary said, "What is that tall, white shaft standing up so high out of the water?"

"Why," said Lucy, "that is Boston Light, standing on a little stony island directly at the entrance of the harbor. This warns mariners



approaching the coast that land is near, and marks the narrow entrance, for this is the main ship channel. The light in the lantern in the top is a revolving flashlight, that throws out a brilliant light at short intervals, and then it is dark; the channel is very narrow and crooked, a very dangerous ledge of rocks is but a short distance below here, called Harding's Ledge, and many a noble ship has been wrecked there in severe storms, in spite of the bravery of the sailors and skill of the commander."

The boat now landed at Pemberton, at the extreme point of the land called Nantasket. They decided to take the electric train which runs along the rocky beach, which during the summer months is alive with people, but now many have returned to their city homes. They buzz along rapidly towards the beach proper; the houses become thicker as they pass along. The tide being nearly full, the waves rush up almost to the railroad track, and comb over on the hard sand with a rush and tremendous roar. Mary is absorbed, astonished, and completely carried away with the grand and impressive scene. They arrive at Nantasket station and



get out, and are soon standing on the borders of the beach. There are not as many visitors as during the warm months, but it is not lonesome by any means. There are quite a good many here now, the more hardy bathers enjoying themselves in the surf, and if they do not remain too long in the water, they come out exhilarated and refreshed by the briny bath. The girls lingered for a long time on the beach, and listened to the music of the band, and enjoyed a dinner of clam chowder and fried fish, which Mary liked very much. Fish dinners are one of the institutions of the beach.

They strolled down to the chutes, which are something new here, and may also be to the reader. It is a pond of water. There are cars to draw people up; one car is ascending, the other car is descending by a separate track. There is another track for the boats to be drawn up. Beyond these tracks are a series of steps making miniature waterfalls as the water runs down over the steps into the pond below. About midway between the spaces where the water runs over the steps is a chute for the boats, which are two wooden rails partly submerged by the run-



ning water. The bottoms of the boats are nearly flat, and have a guide of wood to keep the boats on the track; now all is ready for the chute. The people at the top get into the boat, which holds about ten, sitting two on a seat. There are brass rails on each side to hold on tight. At the word, when all is ready, the boat is given a start, and down they go with great velocity, and when the boat strikes the water it skips along as a boy would skip a stone over the surface. Each boat has a guide in the stern with an oar, which steers the boat to the landing. The people get out, and the boat is drawn up for another trip. The experience is very exciting, and every one seems to enjoy it. It is quite harmless, and only needs care in getting in and out, and holding on tight while going down the chute.

They then took a walk out on the rocks at the end of the beach. This gives a good view of the bathers which are near, and also a fine view of the broad ocean as far as they can see. Minot's Ledge Light is about four miles distant, and about one and one half to the nearest land. It is built on a lone rock at the end of a



ledge, which is completely covered at half tide. The sea in a severe storm goes often completely over the top of the lantern. In this dreary spot the keeper and his assistants have to live through the severe storms of eight months of the year, with the enjoyment of the society of each other, and an occasional row to shore in their boat, to be taken by turns, for only one can be absent at one time. In 1851, there stood upon this spot an iron lighthouse of octagonal form supported by eight columns of iron at the corners, eight inches in diameter, and one in the center, twelve inches. The house was composed of three divisions; the lower, with an open space of twenty feet under it between it and the water, was for fuel, provisions, and oil; the next above was living and sleeping accommodations for the men; the next above was the lantern. The whole of the structure was about eighty feet high, the columns were let into the rock several feet, but yet in the tremendous storm of the seventeenth day of April, 1851, that entire structure was swept away, and three men lost their lives, not a vestige being left. The present structure is built of solid



granite from the rock upon which it stands, and was about three years in course of erection.

While the girls had been enjoying themselves in the various ways mentioned, the tide had turned, and fallen nearly to low water, the beach was now quite bare for several hundred feet down to the water, the swell and surf had nearly subsided, to be renewed only on the incoming tide; the bathers had to walk quite a distance to find water. It always is much pleasanter to bathe in an incoming tide. The phenomena of rise and fall of tide is a great astonishment to those who have been reared away from the seashore, and to Mary it was no exception. They decided that they had better make preparations to return, and started for the boat wharf. As Lucy suggested that it would be well to go by boat all the way on their return, and the boat leaves every thirty minutes, they did not have long to wait. As the tide was low, their course was very crooked, as they had to follow the channel. Sometimes it seemed that the boat was going to run on shore, but all at once it would turn square round in almost an opposite direction; but it added to the variety,



as they met different views of the islands and headlands in their course, but by the time they got down to Pemberton, the water being so much deeper, their course was comparatively straight; but as they came up towards Long Island, the channel became more crooked. They had a fine view of the distant Blue Hills of Milton, which is said to be the first land seen from the ocean as the mariner comes up Massachusetts Bay. The distant shores of Hingham, Weymouth, and Quincy come in view as they sail up the harbor. They passed the rock on which is a square stone beacon, to warn the sailors of danger, called Nix's Mate. There is a legend connected with this island. Many years ago a Captain Nix was coming into the harbor with his vessel, and his mate tried to raise a mutiny and take command. He killed the captain, but the second mate seized him, and with the aid of the crew took him ashore at this island and executed him. The mate stated that if he was innocent the island would be washed away, but if guilty, the island would stand. The island has been washed away, a very natural thing to do in that exposed locality. They now



pursue their course into the main ship channel, which is quite straight. Close to the left is the end of Long Island, called Long Island Head, where is located a lighthouse which is six miles to the Boston Custom House, and three miles back to the Boston Light, and ten miles from the latter to Minot's Ledge Light. On the right, going up, is Deer Island, where the city institutions are located. They landed at Rowe's Wharf, and took a car which goes through Bowdoin Square, and got off at Temple Street, and are soon at home. Both are tired and hungry, for the salt breeze and exertion have given them a good appetite. The boys were full of questions as to their varied experiences, and it fell to Mary to reply mostly, as it was all new to her.

She went into it with enthusiasm, as she could hardly contain herself to relate moderately the varied sights, and the wonderful phenomena of the rise and fall of the tides, and its peculiar effects upon the beach, which she had witnessed. She said she had felt a strong inclination to take a bath, but thought it best this time to see its effect upon others, and not distract



herself from the full enjoyment of the whole scene and surroundings by being a participant in the bathing portion of it, but would rather wait until the boys could go with them and enjoy it all together.



## CHAPTER XII.

MARY IS INTERESTED IN THE WEST END BRANCH  
OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND FRE-  
QUENTLY VISITS THERE.

LUCY said the next morning, after the boys had gone to the store, that she thought they had better keep quiet to-day, and rest after several days of hard jaunts, and they would go over to the West End branch of the Public Library, which had recently been opened, and spend a little time reading.

Mary said she would be delighted to go, and a short walk found them at the place which has been mentioned before as Dr. Lowell's church. It has been fitted up by the city for its present use, and is well adapted for the purpose.

“What a nice place this is,” said Mary, “to spend an hour or two, and rest as well as amuse and instruct one's mind, and gain such valuable information. I was always so fond of reading, but at home it was such hard work all the time



to do the housework, and take care of the young children, and do the mending, the patching, and sewing for father and the boys, besides all our own, mother and I used to get most worn out, particularly in the long summer days; and the nights would be so hot in our stifled rooms that we could not any of us sleep with any kind of comfort, and the humdrum life would nearly wear us all out. But just as we were about ready to give up, a favorable turn came, cooler nights and sweet rest would revive our drooping energies, the harvest came, crops were abundant, the markets were favorable, and hopes revived, longer evenings and cooler weather made home and our few comforts desirable. Josh would get hold of some new books to read aloud (how, we never knew, but he had a way of doing it whenever he went to Newport to market). Josh had a clear voice and was fond of reading to us, and we all appreciated it, I assure you. After a time, when the men had got through with the fall work, and outside business had been done to make everything safe for our long, cold winter, and our indoor work had been so far completed as to make things



now easy and comfortable (for the toils of women are never ended in the country), we would sit down in the evening and enjoy our family gatherings and home comforts. Later on when the snow began to fall, then the young people had sleighrides, and social gatherings, singing parties, and all the various enjoyments known to people who have been accustomed to country life, and we would forget all about the trials that beset us during the trying times of the past, and enjoy the present to the utmost."

Lucy was so much interested in Mary's description of the country life that she did not realize that the time had passed so rapidly. It was nearly dinner time, and they prepared to go home at once. They knew that they could come again soon, it was so near. After dinner the girls sat down again to talk, and this time Lucy had something to say of herself and city life. She was born in Boston, and spent nearly all her days here.

Her mother was also born here, and belonged to an old Boston family. Her father came here when quite a young man, to seek his fortune in the growing city. He was poor, like many



boys that come to a town for a start in life; he had no trade, having been brought up on a farm in Maine. He immediately engaged himself to a prominent carpenter and builder at the North End, and by strict attention to business gained the confidence of his employer, who used every effort to help his apprentice along in his business. He had good habits in every respect, and spent his time evenings in gaining information which would be useful in his business. When he became of age, his employer advanced him to the position of superintendent of his large and growing business, and he eventually became his partner. He had formed pleasant social relations in the church which he now attends, and it was there he found his wife. Their union had been prosperous and happy, as well as all his business relations. His dealings had always been among the better class of business men and capitalists, and they have prospered, and the children have been well educated. Ephraim had a good start in life, and Lucy always felt that she should do something for her own support, and having a good musical education, and talent in that



direction, she had sought to improve, to advantage to herself as well as her parents. The class of scholars she had taught were from the best families, and she was happy to say her efforts had been appreciated.

The afternoon was beautiful, and the girls started off again for the library. They were soon engaged in reading, and occupied the hour or more to a good advantage. As they came out, Mary remarked that she did not know of anything that would please her more as an occupation than to be an assistant in the library. She said that the girls seemed to have some spare time to themselves.

Lucy replied that her father was well acquainted with the leading men who had control of affairs. They took a little walk around the new State House extension and on the common. That portion that had not been disturbed by the new subway was very pleasant. In former days the common was a great resort for the surrounding population, but business advances have altered the neighborhood very much, and quiet and privacy could hardly be found here now, but its beauty and time-honored



memories will linger as long as any portion of the spot remains, or even a single tree extends its noble branches heavenward.

As they returned homeward, they met the boys returning from their daily duties at the store. They were all pleased to meet in this manner, and walked on chatting together until they reached the house.



## CHAPTER XIII.

THE GIRLS VISIT THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY; MARY MAKES ARRANGE-  
MENT AS ASSISTANT AT THE WEST  
END BRANCH.

AFTER breakfast, Lucy said to Mary that she had some good news for her.

“Oh! what is it?” said Mary.

Lucy had mentioned the matter about the library to her father, and fortunately he had some business with the trustees the next day, and brought the matter up; and they subsequently had a talk with the librarian, and he decided that they needed more assistants at that branch, as it was increasing in interest, and he would like to see the young lady this morning at the office.

“We will get ready to go up to Dartmouth Street at once,” Mary replied. “Of course we will; nothing would suit me better.”



They went right over to Tremont Street, and took a Huntington Avenue car.

They found the librarian in his office, and he was soon ready to receive them. They found him a prompt man of business, and talked upon the business in hand only. He discovered very soon that Mary was not a city girl, which was greatly in her favor, after the high indorsement he had received from Mr. Sawyer. He asked Mary if she thought she would like the position.

She promptly replied that she had no doubt that she would, that it would be a little awkward for her at first, but she hoped in a short time to become familiar with its details, and it would then be easy and pleasant for her.

He said she might begin her duties the following Monday morning, and they thanked him and bid him good morning, but did not leave the building, as there was much to interest them for some time.

Having feasted their eyes upon the paintings, and as it was getting near the dinner hour, they set out for home. As the day was pleasant, they walked through the public garden, and across the common on their way. They were



a little in advance of the boys, and Mary was impatient for them to come, for she wanted to tell them the news. It was rather a surprise to them, for the girls had been very *wist* about it.

However, they were glad with them and felt satisfied that it would be pleasant for all of them. Mary could not express sufficient gratitude to Mr. Sawyer for his kindness.

He was pleased to know that his services were appreciated, and mentioned that it was only a small matter and common thing with him.

After dinner, the girls and Mrs. Sawyer had a long talk on the peculiar way they had become acquainted, and how they had all been drawn to each other in the manner they had, and had every reason to believe it would be lasting.

Mrs. Sawyer was a very kind and sympathetic woman, of quick discerning mind, of unquestioned reliability. She mentioned, with a great deal of feeling, how rapidly Mary and her brother had adapted themselves to the surroundings and thrown off their peculiar style of



speaking incident to their country life and education. Such people, she said, always made the best and most reliable city residents.

The city people were rapidly returning from their mountain and seashore vacations, and Lucy's music pupils were again beginning to take lessons, so that her time from now on would be well occupied.

As it was drawing near the end of the week, Mary felt that she must devote the rest of it to sewing, and replenishing her wardrobe, and Lucy had a great deal to attend to preparatory to her music lessons. The girls, therefore, were left pretty much to themselves. They were both industrious, and wanted to fill in their time to the best advantage.

Saturday night came around before they were aware of it, and they both felt that they had not accomplished as much as they desired.

The boys came home early, as they usually did on Saturday evening, as they depended upon making the Christian Union a visit at that time. Quite often they had an interesting lecture from Dr. E. E. Hale, or some other prominent Unitarian clergyman, which was



always interesting and useful. Very frequently they gave a short service Sunday afternoon or evening, accompanied with appropriate music, which was always instructive and beneficial. Their walk home was pleasant, and their conversation was in reference to the evening's entertainment, and was invariably beneficial to them both. After spending a short time at home in conversation with Mr. Sawyer, who had a number of questions to ask in relation to their progress, he sought advice with them for their good, which was duly appreciated by both. They bid the family good night and retired.

When Sunday morning came, the whole family were ready at the appointed time to sit down at the morning meal together. This was a custom that Mr. Sawyer had always adhered to strictly. It was the way he had been educated, and Mrs. Sawyer likewise, and they desired to adhere to it and bring their children up in the same manner. It was no task for them to do it.

Mr. Sawyer, being one of the vestrymen of the church, was always very particular to have



all his family in their seats at the beginning of the service, and they did not need any urging to do so. Lucy, being connected with the choir, was always in her place, and filled it acceptably to the congregation.

Josh felt that he would like to take part in the singing, but he knew that his time had not come. It was his intention to take lessons in the cultivation of his voice as soon as he could, for he was well aware that it was rather harsh and needed considerable practise, as well as proper instruction; but Lucy had been of great service, and she had found him a willing pupil.

After dinner, the whole family gathered in the parlor, and they had a very interesting service of reading, singing, and appropriate remarks by Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, and they all felt they enjoyed it better than in any other way, and was quite as profitable to them.



## CHAPTER XIV.

MARY'S EXPERIENCE AT THE LIBRARY, AND  
VISIT WITH THE BOYS AND LUCY TO MR.  
TENNY'S HOME.

MONDAY morning, after breakfast, found Mary in readiness to begin her duties at the library. The beautiful day and short walk exhilarated her spirits, and she engaged in her assigned duties with alacrity. She found it rather perplexing at first to get into the necessary routine required in the modern library system, but it began to grow brighter as she advanced, and she felt that the perplexities would vanish in a short time, and if only perseverance and energy were required, she was sure all difficulties would be overcome.

She found the assistant librarian, to whose charge she had been assigned, was a lady of refinement and culture, and she was quite sure she would like her as she became more acquainted with her. The time flew so rapidly



that the noon hour arrived before she was aware of it. She hastily made ready to go to dinner at twelve, so that they could be all together at the regular hour at dinner. After a short rest she returned to the library; there were more visitors in the afternoon than in the morning, for after school a great many children came in for books, which kept them quite busy. The arrangement that had been made required the assistant to be there in the evening until 8 P. M., two evenings of the week. These evenings were Tuesday and Thursday, for the present.

After supper, Lucy was anxious to know how she got along at the library, and if she liked it. To all questions she responded favorably, and had no doubt but everything would go along well, and she would like it more and more as the time passed. She went about her duties next day with increased confidence in herself, and respect of Miss Smith, the lady in charge.

Mary now considered that she had an aim and object in life worth striving for, and as each day came and went, she felt that her



mind had been broadened, and she was ready for new and increased possibilities. And thus the fall and winter moved on, with lectures and simple amusements, and occasionally a good concert, or the opera, or even a good play at one of the better class of theaters, occupied not only her time, but some other member of the family with her. Both she and Josh had wonderfully improved in everything. The raw country rustics had become the polished, bright, intelligent lady and gentleman worthy to fill any position in society. Josh and Mary had abundance to write about to their parents, and they were glad to do so, as much as their time would permit, for it was to their benefit, as well as help to their father and mother, to know that their children were doing so well, and they wrote encouragingly to them.

After Josh had been established in Boston about four months, Mr. Tenny suggested to Ephraim and Joshua to invite the two girls to come to his house at Brookline to spend the evening with his family, and become acquainted with his son and daughter. The son was about a year younger than Ephraim, and the daugh-



ter about the age of Lucy, the son having graduated at Harvard, and the daughter at Wellesley. The son had been in his father's office about six months, and of course the boys had become somewhat acquainted with him. He was an excellent young man, much like his father in many respects, and has shown a special aptitude for business, and taken hold of it with zeal and energy.

Mr. Tenny had arranged for them to come out the following Wednesday evening. The night was a beautiful one, and they set out early and took a reservoir car.

Mr. Tenny's residence was a very comfortable and pleasant one among the hills of Brookline, not far from the avenue. He had bought a number of acres many years ago, before the rise in land in that vicinity, and had sold a good deal of it at large advantage; but he still had abundance left, which he had improved so that the surroundings of his residence were pleasant.

When they arrived, they found a gathering of young people, which made it pleasant. The boys and girls were introduced to Mr. Tenny's family before mingling with the company.



After an agreeable evening spent listening to songs, and music on the piano, and dancing, with light refreshments and chatting with their new-made friends, they took their departure, with a cordial invitation to renew the visit. They were all delighted with the fine time they had been permitted to enjoy.

The girls seemed to vie with each other in their admiration of Mr. Henry Tenny, and the young men were equally charmed with Miss Caroline. They thought of nothing else to talk about on their way home but the charms of all the family, Mr. and Mrs. Tenny were so bright and entertaining, and greeted them all with such cordial hospitality. The next day Mr. Henry Tenny took occasion to say, when Josh mentioned to him how pleasant a time he had the night before, "By the way, I was particularly charmed with your sister. Do they have many such up in the woods where you came from?"

Josh replied, "I think not. The 'woods' do not contain many such."

At this quick repartee, the young men smiled and separated.



When the boys had the opportunity during the day, during the lull of business, they had much to say of the enjoyment of the previous evening.

The first greeting from the girls when they arrived home was, “Didn’t we have a fine time last night?”



## CHAPTER XV.

VERY PLEASANT RELATIONS EXIST AMONG  
THE YOUNG PEOPLE. MR. TENNY  
MAKES UP A PARTY TO VISIT  
HIS VERMONT HOME.

THE past few months had passed away very rapidly with all of them, and the city families had filled up their time in enjoyment in much the same way as usual. Josh and Mary had continually been on the alert to improve their opportunities, and at the same time gather in such recreation as was beneficial and useful to them.

Lucy kept on with her music lessons and such enjoyment as she and Mary could participate in. The boys were constantly together, except when the girls were with them at some evening entertainment. Mr. Henry Tenny called quite frequently to see the family, more particularly Mary, for whom he had great respect, and he thought her a girl of good sterling qualities as



well as having remarkable decision and energy of character. He saw much in her that was the counterpart of Josh.

Mary had noticed that Ephraim frequently on a Sunday afternoon of late took a ride to Brookline in the cars, and quite often did not get home to supper. Her quick mind led her to understand the reason, particularly as Mr. Tenny's visits were more frequent than formerly, to which she did not object; and Josh seemed perfectly content to pursue the even tenor of his way, as Lucy was always happy in his company. Thus time passed along swimmingly, and all seemed to be joyful.

Their evenings were quiet, well occupied in attending the various lectures in which they were interested, and Josh and Mary were advancing rapidly in becoming like other city people in manners and conversation. The winter was passing along very rapidly, and the boys had progressed so fast during the several preceding months that Mr. Tenny felt like relieving himself as much as possible from the active cares and duties. Fortunately, Eph was filling his place so well that both he and Mr.



Smith, his partner, felt that the time was not very far distant when they both might retire from the business, for they were assured that it would be in good hands in the persons of Mr. Henry Tenny, Ephraim, and Joshua.

The spring opened with a great advance in business activity. The abundant crops of the previous year in the West and South, and the settlement of the finances of the country on a permanent business basis, established confidence among all classes. Labor was well employed, and confidence everywhere became fixed in the minds of all classes that a season of prosperity would be enjoyed in the late summer months. Mr. Tenny felt that it would be a good time to take a vacation, and as Josh had been very faithful at his duties, he decided to make up a little party for a visit to Northern Vermont. Mr. Sawyer was consulted in regard to the matter, and it was proposed that Mr. and Mrs. Tenny, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Josh and Lucy, should compose the party, as it was not advisable for any more to be absent from the store at the same time. It was finally decided to leave the following week. Josh apprised his



family of his contemplated visit, which of course gave them a good deal of pleasure.

It was arranged that Josh's father should meet them at the railroad station, and Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer and Lucy should go with Mr. and Mrs. Tenny to their friends at Newport. But Mr. Canzy suggested that he had plenty of room in his carriage, as well as at home, for Lucy, that the arrangement might please the young people; and when they drove over to visit his family, they both might return with them for a visit.

This plan seemed satisfactory to all, and it was carried out. It was about 4 P. M. when they arrived at Newport, and the August days gave them ample time to reach Mr. Canzy's home before sunset. Lucy was charmed with the drive and the fresh country air. They passed several small lakes, and through a number of patches of forest groves, which was an experience new to Lucy, and she enjoyed it very much.

Josh was ready to explain everything as they passed along, as he was perfectly familiar with the whole country, as he had traveled many



times over the road to market. They arrived in season for a good country supper.

Mrs. Canzy greeted them both joyfully, for she had heard from Josh so much about Lucy that she already felt that she was acquainted. Of course she was exceedingly glad to see her son, of whom she had received such good reports, and the brothers and sisters then came forth to greet dear Josh and their new friend.

It was quite a new experience for Lucy to sleep in such quiet surroundings, for she had always lived in the city, with more or less bustle and confusion; and the air was so much purer here than in her city home, and she, very fatigued after her long ride in the train, slept soundly and awoke early to hear the beautiful songsters in the surrounding forest trees, and hastened to get up without much care for her toilet, to catch a hasty glimpse of them as they flitted among the branches displaying their bright and lovely colorings.

The family seemed to be astir, and she concluded she would be one among them. She therefore leisurely completed her toilet and made her appearance below. They all saluted



her very kindly in their peculiar style, which made a deep impression, as she felt it was sincere and the honest expression of real sympathy.

Josh was anxious to know how she spent the night, and whether she rested well after her fatiguing journey.

She replied that she was as bright and as full of joy as the lovely birds that had awakened her so early from her slumbers.



## CHAPTER XVI.

THE VISITORS BECOME ACQUAINTED, AND HAVE PLEASANT TIMES.

THE surroundings of the country home were delightful. It was somewhat elevated above the road, on a knoll of high ground which gave a pleasant outlook. The land in the immediate vicinity was quite flat. In front of the house was an extensive lawn interspersed here and there with elms and oaks, but they did not interfere with the view of the lovely little lake in the distance, shimmering in the early sunshine, and all around the beautiful coloring of the forest trees met the eye. In the rear, the well-tilled farms, with their heavy crops of grain, and other produce now approaching ripeness, met the view. By this time all the family had assembled for breakfast.

Mr. Canzy mentioned the names of each of the children in turn, beginning with the oldest, leaving out Josh and Mary, whom Lucy knew



well. Sammy, Lizzie, Tommy, and Katie the baby, each a picture of health, and as they all passed around the visitor, she had a pleasant word to say to each, with a kiss for the dear baby.

After breakfast, Josh proposed that they should take a ride to the lake, and catch some trout, as all the lakes in the vicinity are famous fishing resorts. Lucy was delighted with the proposal, and Josh said if father and mother could spare Sammy and Lizzie, he would give them a treat and take them along.

This arrangement seemed satisfactory to them all, and they made ready to start. While Josh was getting the horse and carriage, their mother got up a generous lunch, in case they did not catch as many fish as they expected, and when all was ready the happy company started.

The drive to the lake was about six miles, and it was delightful through the woods road, and Lucy enjoyed it very much, and surely Josh was about as happy as he could be; and the two children were as happy in their way, for it was not often that they had the privilege of so delightful a companion.



The lake soon came into view, but they were not there yet. Distances are deceitful in the country, as well as looking out upon the ocean, but in good time they arrived. While Josh was preparing the lines and getting the nets ready the children got the bait (for the trout are very particular about their diet, and like little live fish for their breakfast).

Josh knew just how to go to work to capture them. Sammy took out the horse to feed in the pasture close by, and Lizzy got the pails ready to pick the blueberries which were plentiful and near at hand. Josh had everything now arranged for a start. There was a shady little brook that emptied its waters into the lake, not far distant, and Lucy insisted on taking one of the oars, and trying her hand at rowing. She had made some attempts at rowing at the seashore several years before, but had almost forgotten how; but under the instruction of Josh, she soon got along well, and they merrily rowed over the bright silver surface to the coveted little brook, the home of the speckled beauties.

Lucy thought this enchanted spot was the



most beautiful she ever saw. It was a perfect bower of loveliness. The overhanging branches cast their reflection upon the placid waters, the wild ferns in their varied shades of green, the wild flowers in their beautiful foliage, adorned the banks, and made the whole surroundings a perfect vista of beauty.

Josh said they were getting near the fishing spot, and they prepared their lines, for each wanted to get praise for the first fish. He kept his oar at hand to guide the little boat along.

Lucy cast her line, and Josh was ready quite as soon. After a little quiet waiting and watching, Lucy felt a sharp pull, and landed a pound and a half trout in the boat. Josh soon had another, and they fished on, for they had struck into a school of them, and it kept them both busy for some time.

They had all the fish they wanted, and they concluded to return and prepare their dinner, and as they had all the implements with them in the carriage, they soon had a fire, and the children had gathered berries, to add to their feast.



Josh was an expert in anything of this kind, and by the time that Lucy had the table ready (which was, of course, rather a rude affair, of two boards across a couple of logs), he had the trout smoking hot upon the table, and they all sat down with a hearty zest to a dinner good enough for a king, which they fully enjoyed.

Sammy remarked, "Isn't this jolly?"

"I guess 'tis," says Lizzie. "Don't it seem nice to have Josh around again, full of his fun and pranks?"

"I didn't know he was so funny," remarked Lucy.

"Oh, you haven't seen him in his best mood when on a fishing picnic like this," chimed in Sammy. "He'll let himself out arter awhile."

They kept on eating and talking till they could eat no more. Mother's nice cookies and doughnuts filled in the gaps to a charm, and the nice, fresh blueberries were good.

Lucy said those trout were splendid, and tasted as nice as possible, and she thought Josh was a fine cook if he was a country lad, at which Josh got off one of his funny jokes and set them all to laughing. Then they all joined



in a few songs, and strolled round through the walks near the lake for a little exercise, while Sammy and Lizzie picked up the dishes and made ready to start for home, not forgetting to secure the remainder of the fish and berries, and safely deposit them in the carriage.

Josh and Lucy enjoyed their walk through the woods, and when a good view of the lake presented itself, they sat down under the shade of a tree and rested while they enjoyed the scene. As the sun had turned his course westward, and was sinking towards the horizon, they concluded to retrace their steps. The children had put everything away in the carriage in proper shape, and Sammy had gone for Dobbin as he heard the approaching footsteps and familiar laugh of Josh.

Sammy soon arrived with Dobbin, for he had enjoyed a rest and plenty of good feed, and was full of life, ready to take them over the six miles in good time. The ride was delightful through the shaded road.

In about an hour they drove up to the farmhouse, all exceedingly pleased with their trip, to be greeted joyfully by the whole household;



even the baby with her cooing, and Towzer with his hoarse bark, and the tabby cat with her purring and gentle mew.

As it was quite early yet, Josh suggested that Lucy take a walk over the farm with him, and see the crops, which were in their ripening beauty. This was all new to Lucy, as she had not spent any time in the country at this season of the year. She was much pleased with all she saw, and enjoyed the freshness of the air as they strolled through the different fields, and then returned in ample time for supper.

In the evening, after the family had gathered, the labors of the day having ended, Josh's parents had many questions to ask; not only of their enjoyments of the day, but also as to Josh's and Lucy's experience in the great city.

Lucy said she could answer for herself. As regards the day, she had spent one of the most delightful days of her life. It was all so new to her, the weather so charming, the ride through the woods, rowing on the lake, fishing in the lovely brook, and the exciting fun of catching the lively speckled beauties, and then



the grand feast of eating the delicious fish, it was all full of enjoyment and pleasure.

Josh said he had endeavored from time to time, by writing, to let them know how he was getting along and what he saw.

His father said they were all glad to get his letters and have them read by some member of the family.

Josh proposed to have a good sing before the younger members of the family retired, and as they had no organ or piano, Josh said he would get his violin out, though he supposed the strings were all rotten from disuse, as they had not been used for more than a year.

Sammy spoke up and said he guessed as how they had been, for he did not let the old violin slumber, and had managed to get new strings when required, so Josh said he had better trot it out. Sammy did not wait for the second invitation, but produced it at once and commenced tuning it up.

Josh said, "What shall we sing?"

Mr. Canzy said, "Any of the old tunes that we are all familiar with."

Josh says, "Suppose we start with 'Coronation,'"



So Sammy started up the good old tune. Father, mother, Josh and Lucy, Sammy with his rich tenor voice, Josh with his heavy bass, and the two girls with their fine soprano and contralto voices, with the aid of the father and mother, fairly made the old house ring and echo from every part.

After a few tunes had been sung, Josh says, "Sammy, let me try the old fiddle," and after manipulating the strings a few minutes to get his hand in (for he had not touched a violin since he left home), he struck up another tune, and as he warmed in interest he made the old instrument respond in all the eloquence of olden times. They all clapped their hands with joy. Even Sammy felt that his older brother was his master in the use of this wonderful instrument.

After singing several tunes they felt, as it was getting late, they had better break up and retire. As they bid each other good night, they expressed great joy in the happy gathering.

Josh and Lucy felt they had spent one of the happiest days of their lives, and affectionately bid each other good night.

The following days were spent in enjoyment



round the farm and the immediate neighborhood, with occasional drives to the pleasantest points of interest. On Saturday morning after their arrival, they received word from Mr. Tenny that Mr. Sawyer and his wife, together with his wife and himself, would start early Monday morning and drive over for a day's visit, and they must arrange to return with them at night, and also have Josh and Lucy come along and spend a few days. This was not altogether unexpected, as Mr. Tenny had suggested something of the kind upon their arrival at Newport. Accordingly, the family set about making their plans for that purpose.

Sunday morning, the whole family made preparations to attend meeting at the "Corners," about a mile distant. The morning was fine. Josh and Lucy, with Sammy and Lizzie, decided to walk, leaving the carriage for the older people and two younger children (for even the baby went to meeting the same as others every Sunday, and had learned to behave with the utmost propriety). Those that were to walk set off a little in advance. On arriving at the meeting-house, Josh recognized many of his



old friends, who were glad to see him and wondered who the beautiful young lady was. But Josh did not enlighten them; all would find out in time, who cared to know.

Lucy kept with the old folks and other members of the family, as soon as they arrived. Sammy and Lizzie sang in the choir, and when the leader came along Josh cordially shook hands with him, and then introduced him to Lucy as a friend from Boston, who came up to make them a little visit. He invited Josh with his friend to take a seat in the choir, as he well knew that Josh was a good singer.

As there was but one meeting-house at the "Corners," the congregation was made up of the better class of the population, and although the church was Congregational, the minister was very liberal in his views, and very popular.

When the choir sang the first hymn, the people turned around in astonishment at the acquisition to the choir of two such wonderful voices, and were highly pleased, and congratulated them at the close of the service, and hoped they would have the pleasure of hearing them again. Josh replied they possibly might.



The young people started for home, and arrived about the same time the carriage did. The noonday meal was a simple repast, and the afternoon was spent in reading and quiet rest. The evening was devoted to singing hymns, and they all retired early, knowing that the following would be a busy day.

On the morrow all were astir early. Lucy was as bright as a lark after the long rest, and felt that as she had become a resident of the country she would naturally fall into the custom of early rising, and she was not sure but she would as a city resident, as she felt so much better for the habit.

Mr. Tenny and Mr. Sawyer, with their wives, arrived about 9 A. M., Monday morning, and after the cordial greetings and shaking of hands were over (as they were all acquainted), plans were laid to have a day of enjoyment. As Mr. Tenny's horse was a little tired, they concluded to give him a rest. At the same time they could enter into a little reminiscence of the early life of the Tenny and Canzy families, and relate many incidents connected with their boyhood days, while the women of the household were



preparing for the picnic which they had decided to take to the lake.

Josh and Lucy entered into the spirit of the affair with zeal, as young people are apt to do when a good time is in prospect, and in about an hour they were ready to start. The two farm-horses were harnessed into the big wagon, and all the Canzy family embarked. Of course Lucy was included, as she was recognized as one of the family, and she began to feel herself as if she would be so ere long, in fact.

The other two families were ready to start in Mr. Tenny's carriage.

The day was delightful. A beautiful, clear sky, cheerful, bright sun, and cool, refreshing breeze made it all that could be desired.

The horses entered into the spirit of the thing, and pranced in great style, as if they were bedecked with golden harness and accompanied with postilion and outriders.

The ride and scenery are quite familiar to the reader, and in the course of an hour and a quarter they arrived at the beautiful grove and lake, where every preparation had been made for fishing by Josh and Sammy; and after the



horses had been turned out to pasture, and the men had busied themselves in preparing wood and built the fires for cooking coffee, and the boys had made ready the boats, they all stepped aboard and were soon skimming over the glassy surface of the water.

This was a great luxury for the elder gentlemen, for it had been years since they had enjoyed anything like it. The little lake and its surroundings were enchanting, and in a short time Josh piloted them to the familiar brook, where the speckled beauties were quite ready to breakfast, and it was not long before the rod and line were in full play taking in the hungry fish.

The elder gentlemen were wild with delight. Their thoughts went back to early boyhood, at the fine times that they had experienced. They indeed felt quite young again. When they had fished all they wished, they returned with their bountiful supply, and made ready for dinner, as they all had a keen appetite and could do ample justice to fried trout or anything else edible that might come to hand.

Mr. Canzy had remained behind to assist the



women in getting wood and preparing the table, as they had a large party to provide for ; but it did not take long, with many willing hands, to have the smoking trout and other toothsome viands on the table, and the hungry crowd was quite ready to enjoy them.

They did not hurry with the meal, but each ate to their heart's content, and then they enjoyed the wind-up with stories of early days and songs, which many of them could render with good effect, for the most of the young people were good singers, and the elders could fill in with the chorus. Fortunately, Sammy had not forgotten to bring the fiddle, which was a great help in keeping them in harmony.

When they all sang in the chorus it seemed as if the echoes in the surrounding hills and forests joined with them in joy and gladness, but their pleasure must now come to an end, as the time had come for them to return. The boys went in pursuit of the horses, while the men and women began to pack up and get ready for home, and they were all soon ready to depart. The drive home was very pleasant in the waning afternoon, and the horses, having



had a good rest and green grass, took them along with good speed, and it was but a comparatively short time before they arrived safely and very much pleased with their trip. As they were all prepared for their journey to Newport, those that were going (only the elder people with Lucy) were soon ready and took their departure.

The cares of the household devolved upon Josh, Sammy, and Lizzie. On a farm there is a great deal to be done that requires prompt attention. The invaluable trio were quite competent to do it. Their parents, at least, thought so.

Mr. Tenny with his party arrived at his Newport home in the early evening. After introducing them to his brother and family, with whom he was making a visit, and after partaking of a light supper, they rehearsed the various interesting incidents of the day, and each spoke of the enjoyment, which was of considerable interest and pleasure to the immediate participants, but not perhaps so much to Mr. Tenny's brother and family, who had always been surrounded by similar opportunities. But he felt that as



his friends had described it all with so much ardor, he could not help but enter into it somewhat as he caught their zeal.

As they had risen early and had a long and exciting day, filled full of pleasure and enjoyment, they all retired early and were soon lost in profound slumber.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### A PLEASANT TRIP TO NEWPORT, AND PREPARATIONS TO RETURN TO BOSTON.

THE following day was spent in rest and slight recreation. They took a carriage drive near the borders of Lake Memphramagog, where the scenery of the shores is so famous. The view across the lake is very fine as it strikes the eye from its many projecting points, affording a delightful prospect. Having gone as far as was thought best, they took a different route on their return, taking in other views, and arrived home in good time for supper.

After supper there was a gathering of the families in the parlor. Mr. Tenny said it was a grand reunion, as there had not been such a gathering of his own immediate family for many years, and the invited guests were as welcome as any of them.

Mr. Tenny was the eldest of the family. His father and mother had been dead some



years, and that house was the old homstead, it having been occupied by his brother since their parents' death. It was a place he loved to visit for rest and relief from the cares of business, and his only brother and sister were residents here, and were present with their families. The surroundings were so beautiful it was a constant source of pleasure to be there, and in behalf of his brother he would bid them all a cordial welcome. Many present were singers, and they engaged in singing and dancing, and had light refreshments, and were happy in the enjoyment of the occasion.

They all gave a parting good night, with regrets that they could not remain longer together. They were up early in the morning, as Mr. Canzy and wife decided to return home. It was arranged that Josh, Sammy, and Lizzie should come to Newport the following day. With kind farewells from all, they started off.

Nothing interfered with their journey. The day was pleasant and comfortable, and they arrived in good season at the farm.

Josh and the children were glad to see their parents back to the old homstead. Mr. Canzy



inquired of Josh how he got along with the farm, and whether he wanted to return to his old occupation? Josh said he was glad to visit his old home and greet his family and old friends, but did not care to stay. He liked Boston and its surroundings, and the business in which he was engaged and in which he prospered, and it would be a great misfortune if anything occurred to cause him to give it up.

His father and mother were both pleased that his prospects were so bright. His father said to him, after the children had gone about their various duties, that he had quite a lengthy conversation with Mr. Tenny in regard to his business relations, and he said he was very well satisfied with the character of his son, and his great success with the business, and the industry and studious carefulness with which he attended to all its details, and he saw no reason why he would not prove a very successful and useful business man.

He said he was contemplating a change in his business before a great while; the nature of it he was not at liberty to state at present, as his partner desired to think over the matter



somewhat before they could mature their plans definitely.

Josh said, "When do they think of returning to Boston, and is Lucy going with them?"

His father stated it had been arranged for Josh, Sammy, and Lizzie to go to Newport to-morrow early and spend the day, and he (Josh) to remain a few days before their return to Boston, and probably he could come down again and see them before leaving. The family all wanted to retire early, as they had been very busy for several days.

In the morning the three started off early, that they might have a long day at Newport. It was quite a treat for the two younger ones to go, as they did not get away very often.

The ride was pleasant, and all were glad to meet again, especially Josh and Lucy, for they had been in the habit of seeing each other quite often, and it was of course unpleasant to be deprived of the privilege.

The few days that remained for their visit was filled to good advantage, and they all had the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with each other. Josh was much pleased with



Mr. Tenny's relatives at Newport, and hoped as time went on he should know them better.

Mr. Tenny told Josh he thought he had better begin to make preparations to return to Boston the following Monday. He would need a few days to return to the "Corners," and he could meet them all at the station when ready to start.

The next morning being Friday, they three started. Sammy and Lizzie were delighted with their trip.

They were all busy the rest of the week, and Sunday started for church. All Josh's friends were glad to see him, and the leader of the choir was interested to know where his lady friend was, as he hoped to hear her again in the choir. Josh informed him that she was at Newport, and they were all to return to Boston the next Monday, and they would not hear her voice again this time, which caused much regret.

After church the three elder children enjoyed their walk home. Josh's kind mother had prepared his clothes while in Newport, and his trunk was ready. The afternoon was spent in the quiet home. There was much rejoicing in the homestead at the good fortune of Josh.



On Monday morning his father and he started for the station with farewells and kisses from all. The morning was fine, and Dobbin trotted along briskly. On their way the conversation was principally upon the young man's bright prospects in life, of which indeed the father was proud.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

DEPARTURE FOR BOSTON, ARRIVAL, AND RESUMPTION OF THEIR VARIOUS DUTIES.

EPH AND JOSH ASSUME NEW BUSINESS AND DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

THEY all arrived at the station in ample time. Mr. Tenny and Mr. Sawyer arranged for the tickets and baggage, as there was quite a party, and it took some little time. Josh spent a little time with his father. Just as the train arrived, Lucy came forward to bid Mr. Canzy good-by, and the whole party exchanged with him their final farewells and took seats in the train, which soon departed.

Josh and Lucy took seats together in the train, and had much to say. Very soon the scenery became attractive, and they enjoyed it together.

After a time the party separated a little, and they exchanged seats. Mr. Tenny wanted to



have a little chat with Josh. The elder ladies sat together, and Lucy took a seat with her father. Mr. Tenny said he was hardly prepared to say all he wanted to in regard to his business, but he had talked it over with his partner somewhat, and they had about concluded to retire and give up the business to the younger men. They should retain a controlling interest for the present, but would not take an active part. His son would take charge of the financial affairs, Ephraim the general management and purchasing department, and you, Josh, the internal management and sales. He also said he had confidence in the ability and integrity of all three of the young men to discharge their various duties honorably.

Josh expressed deep gratification to his noble and honored employer for the confidence he had seen fit to place in him, and said he should continue to do in the future (as he had in the past) all in his power to promote the success of the business.

They were now approaching St. Johnsbury, where the train would make a short stop. The ladies did not care to leave the car, as they had



provided themselves with refreshment sufficient for the party. The gentlemen stepped upon the platform to get a little air, but soon returned. The train soon started on its journey towards New Hampshire. The scenery bordering the Connecticut is delightful, which they enjoyed. They exchanged seats somewhat. Josh sat with Mr. Sawyer a part of the way. He was a gentleman with whom he liked to converse, as he was a sound, practical man, and thoroughly conversant with all the general affairs of life, and always spoke to the point. He understood the relation that existed between his daughter and Josh, and both he and his wife were perfectly satisfied with it. Nothing was said upon the subject, as their seats were facing each other. The mother and daughter were facing opposite.

Mr. Tenny and his wife had taken seats together. They journeyed on very pleasantly, the wild New Hampshire scenery coming into view. After crossing the Connecticut River, they sped on very rapidly, passing Concord, Plymouth, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, making short stops, and arriving in Boston about 9 P. M.



Mr. and Mrs. Tenny took the car for their home in Brookline, and Mr. Sawyer's family for their residence in Temple Street, all tired, but delighted with their trip.

Next morning found them all about their accustomed duties. The two young men were glad to meet after the few weeks' absence and exchanged cordial congratulations. Mr. Tenny saluted them all in his usual courteous manner, and the routine of the business moved on as usual.

On the arrival of Mr. Smith, the partner of Mr. Tenny, they held a consultation in their private office in regard to their business affairs, and came to the conclusion as had been previously suggested. Mr. Smith's health had been failing for some time, and he felt it would be better for him to retire from active business entirely, and as he had sufficient competence, it would be well for him to take a long sea voyage, and endeavor to restore his health. He submitted a proposition to Mr. Tenny to sell out his interest to him, and after due consideration Mr. Tenny decided to accept the offer. He was now in a position to carry out the management with the boys as he had planned.



The next day he called the three young men into his private office, and stated to them his proposition as has been related. Of course they were highly pleased and perfectly satisfied. They each said they felt his kindness with deep gratitude, and would use their best endeavors to give him no cause of regret.

Mr. Tenny said the firm could remain unchanged as Joseph Tenny & Co., and they could get it all arranged so as to start as a firm on the first of the following month. Mr. Tenny stated that he had talked over the matter with Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Canzy, and they had talked it over with the boys' mothers, and most assuredly Henry's mother knew all about it, and he smilingly remarked all the mothers knew all about the other relations, too, and it seemed to be mutually satisfactory, and thus they separated.

Any business friend, or customer, of the house of Joseph Tenny & Co., upon calling there after the time mentioned, would not have supposed there was any change in the business. The business had gone on the same as usual, the same promptness and fairness in all their



dealings as before. The young men attended to their business as usual, and spent their evenings in attending lectures, concerts, or amusing themselves at home. Mr. Henry Tenny visited the Temple Street mansion more often, perhaps, and Mary, of course, gave him a glad welcome.

Josh did not have so much of Eph's company to the Union or lectures, for he found more pleasure in a ride to Brookline. Josh did not miss it so much, considering his "lady love" was under the same roof as himself, and thus everything went on swimmingly with each.

Finally it was announced that Mr. Henry Tenny and Mary Canzy were engaged to be married, also Ephraim Sawyer and Caroline Tenny, and likewise Joshua Canzy and Lucy Sawyer. All this created considerable commotion among their various acquaintances and friends, which soon subsided, and when the invitations were sent out for the happy event, all the parties were to take place at the Brookline mansion of Mr. Joseph Tenny on the following Christmas.

Our story nears its end. Doubtless similar opportunities have occurred, and such experi-



ences wrought. Very many similar opportunities and experiences would take place again if more wealthy men in the community would be willing to give young men and women the means and position to show what they can do. Unfortunately, such is not usually the case.

The triple wedding took place as announced. A goodly company of select, appreciative people were present. All the parents of the contracting parties were there, and enjoyed it as fully as any present. The young couples started in their career of domestic life with bright hopes and promises. Let us hope they were fully realized.

[THE END.]

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